CANTICA



SACRA



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# Bymns for the Children of the Catholic Church,

Set to Original Music.

BY

REV. J. H. CORNELL,

AUTHOR OF "A MANUAL OF ROMAN CHANT," "THE VESPER PSALTER," "A UNISON MASS," ETC.

With the Approbation of the Bishop of Boston.

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### PREFACE.

The "Cantica Sacra" has been prepared for publication at the urgent instances of two well-known and influential clergymen of the Diocese of Boston. It comprises a considerable variety of Hymns (some of which have never before been universally accessible to Catholics in America), whose chief merits are, that they are distinctively Catholic in their tone, and for the most part written in that simple style so desirable in Hymns, especially for children. The music of these Hymns is original, with the exception of a very few melodies, either marked otherwise, or sufficiently recognizable as having been long in usage. In composing these Hymn-tunes, the compiler has aimed at facility of execution combined with elegance in the melody and harmony. Not facility of execution alone—for our children ought to be led on to relish something above the common-place and vulgar. At the same time, the melodies of the "Cantica Sacra" are, nearly all, easy to sing, inasmuch as they are contained within a moderate compass of notes, and do not abound in difficult chromatic passages.

It is believed that the publication of the present work, in its peculiar form, will be acceptable particularly to so many of the Reverend Clergy, who deem it important that the children under their charge should be taught a variety of good Catholic Hymns, for use in the Sunday-school, and at Mass, and for breaking the monotony of daily-school hours. Experience shows that it is a most powerful means of interesting the young in religious exercises, to allow them to vary those exercises by singing. To speak particularly of Mass, it would seem to be very desirable that in every parish where it is practicable (and there are but few where it is not), the children should be required to be present daily at that Holy Sacrifice, and sing appropriate Hymns during it, as is practised in most of the German churches, to the edification of the worshippers, and the advantage of the children themselves. This applies, of course, chiefly to Low Mass; yet the assertion is ventured, that even High Mass, in the many churches where the elaborate, and sometimes not over-devotional, Masses in common use are so imperfectly executed, might give way to Low Mass, accompanied by suitable Hymns, to the decided advantage of the congregation, in a devotional point of view.

(iii)

The necessity of a good collection of Hymns for the use of the large and constantly increasing number of Sodalities and other pious associations, is too obvious to require anything more than an allusion to it.

With the object, then, of rendering the universal introduction of these Hymns practicable, by bringing the work within the reach of all, the words are printed separately, in a small, cheap book, bearing the same title, "Cantica Sacra." Thus, the great bulk of those who will use the work have no occasion to buy the necessarily expensive book containing the music—they will learn the melodies by ear, at the dictation of the director or teacher, while the music-book will be required only by the latter, and by the few more skilful singers chosen for the alto part.

In regard to the execution of the Hymns of this collection, the compiler has three favors to ask of those whom it may concern: First, that the sentiments of the different Hymns, or of the different verses of the same Hymn, be carefully studied, and faithfully rendered. The various shades of musical expression, loud, soft, diminishing and increasing in power, slackening and accelerating the time, etc., etc., cannot always be indicated, once for all, by the composer,—much is left to the judgment and taste of the director, who is supposed to understand and feel that which is to be sung, in order that under his direction it may be faithfully and artistically rendered.—Second: that the alto part of the Hymns, if it cannot be sung exactly as written, be omitted altogether, not being, strictly speaking, essential to their effect, though its addition greatly enhances it; and that every attempt at improvising an alto part (which is done mostly by singing thirds below the melody) be repressed, promptly, firmly, and persistently.—Third: that the organist, unless he be a thorough harmonist, play the accompaniments as they are written, without any addition, except perhaps that of strengthening the bass by octaves, where it can be done.

The courtesy of Rev. Dr. Cummings, Pastor of St. Stephen's Church, New York, in allowing the pages of this work to be enriched by extracts from his "Hymns for Catholic Schools," is hereby gratefully acknowledged.

In conclusion, the compiler of the "CANTICA SACRA" offers his work to the children of the Catholic Church, with the hope that the pious use of it may tend to fit them for singing the praises of God eternally hereafter. But he would wish to be, then, in their company; to which end he most earnestly asks of them (what he thinks he has deserved by his pains-taking) the charitable aid of an occasional prayer.

J. H. C.

### HINTS TO THOSE ENGAGED IN TEACHING CHILDREN TO SING.

The following remarks by Signor Speranza (extracted, by permission, from Rev. Dr. Cummings's "Hymns for Catholic Schools"), are explanatory of the so-called *echo* system of teaching by ear, and are commended to the attention of all interested.

"The teacher sings one phrase himself, then, with a tap or little stroke of a ruler, gives the signal that the children are to repeat immediately the phrase he has sung. If they make any mistake, the teacher will repeat the phrase until they learn it well. One phrase being learned, the next will be taken up, the teacher singing and the children following immediately at the signal as before, until phrases enough are learned to form a period. The teacher will go over the phrases already learned, and the children will repeat first two phrases at a time, and then four, until the whole period is learned. One period being learned, the others will follow, until the whole piece is sung correctly.

"To obtain good results from this method, the following rules must be carefully

observed.

"1. Strict discipline must be maintained among the scholars.

"2. The person teaching must sing with a distinct, decided, and clear enunciation of both notes and words, bringing out more expressly those notes which the scholars seem to have most difficulty in seizing with precision.

"3. The children must be trained and compelled to sing always sotto voce, until

they have learned well the piece they are studying.

"4. It is of the greatest importance that the scholars shall not begin to sing until the signal is given by a tap of the ruler, when they must begin immediately, and

all together.

"The habit of singing very piano while learning, has an excellent effect on children, who are so organized that it is with the greatest difficulty they can be induced to pass into the upper register, or the voce di testa. If they are called upon to sing an ascending scale, they keep on as long as the lower range, the voce di petto, and voce di mezzo will allow, but when they get up to the high notes they either stop, or else force the voice to a scream. To allow them to go on in this way would put them out of breath, and might do them serious injury, ruining their voices perhaps forever."



Hymns adapted to Particular Seasons, Festivals, and Occasions.

# 1.—Hymn to the Holy Trinity.





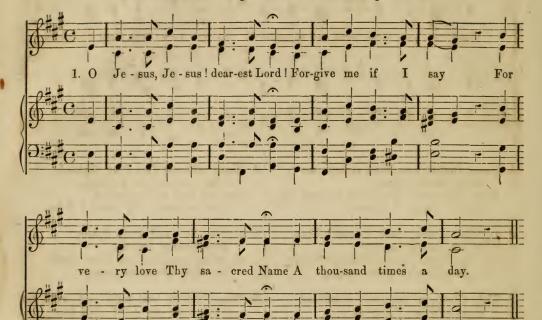
- Jesus Christ, who didst redeem me From eternal misery, Who didst shed Thy blood to save me, On the Cross of Calvary.
- O, what sorrow there I caused Thee,
   O, what bitter agony;
   By that Cross, I now beseech Thee,
   Look with pity down on me.
- Holy Ghost, whose grace descended Seven-fold to strengthen me,
   By which grace my soul was cleansed From a dark iniquity.

- Many gifts oft-time I've slighted, Gifts bestowed so lovingly, But for love so unrequited, Now, at least, Thy child I'll be.
- Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
   Ever blessed Trinity,
   o, what love from me They merit
   For such wondrous charity.
- 8. Thou, O God, hast made and saved me:
  Thou alone my Lord shalt be;
  Take me, then, to love and serve Thee
  Now, and in eternity.

#### CI.—ACT OF CONTRITION.

- 1 God of mercy and compassion!
  Look with pity upon me!
  Father! let me call Thee Father!
  'Tis Thy child returns to Thee!
  Jesus! Lord! I ask for mercy,
  Let me not implore in vain!
  All my sins—I now detest them,
  Never will I sin again.
- By my sins I have deserved
   Death and endless misery;
   Hell with all its pains and torments,
   And for all eternity!
   Jesus! Lord! I ask for mercy, &c.
- 3. By my sins I have abandoned
  Right and claim to heaven above;
  Where the saints rejoice for ever
  In a boundless sea of love.
  Jesus! Lord! I ask for mercy, &c.
- 4. See our Saviour, bleeding, dying,
  On the Cross of Calvary,
  To that Cross my sins have nailed Him
  Yet He bleeds and dies for me.
  Jesus! Lord! I ask for mercy,
  Let me not implore in vain!
  All my sins—I now detest them,
  Never will I sin again.

## 11.—Issus, my Gob and my All.



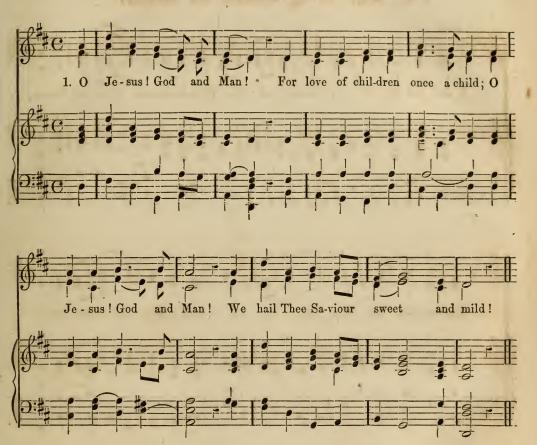
- 2. I love Thee so, I know not how
  My transports to control;
  Thy love is like a burning fire
  Within my very soul.
- 3. O wonderful! that Thou shouldst let So vile a heart as mine

  Love Thee with such a love as this,

  And make so free with Thine.
- Burn, burn, O love! within my heart, Burn fiercely night and day, Till all the dross of earthly loves Is burned, and burned away.

- 8. O Jesus! Jesus! sweetest Lord! What art Thou not to me?
  Each hour brings joys before unknown,
  Each day new liberty!
- 9. What limit is there to thee, love? Thy flight where wilt thou stay? On! on! our Lord is sweeter far To-day than yesterday.
- 10. O love of Jesus! Blessed love!
  So will it ever be;
  Time cannot hold thy wondrous growth,
  No, nor eternity!

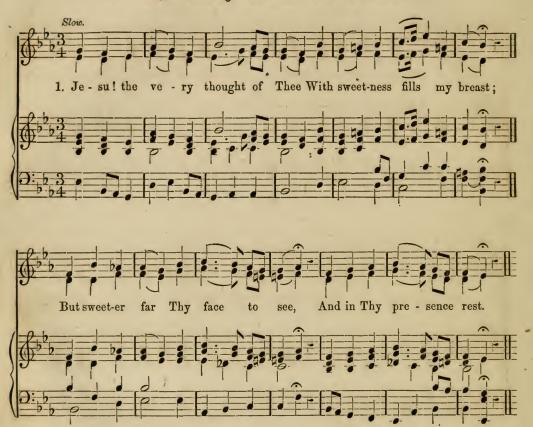
## III.—O Sesus, Gob and Man.



- 2. O Jesus! God and Man!

  Make us Thy children dear to Thee,
  And lead us to Thyself,
  To love Thee for eternity.
- O Mary! Mother dear!
   Thank God, for us, for all His love;
   And pray that in our faith
   We all may true and steadfast prove.
- 6. O Jesus! bless our work,
  Our sorrows soothe, our sins forgive;
  O happy, happy they
  Who in the Church of Jesus live!
- 7. O God, most great and good,
  At work or play, by night or day,
  Make us remember Thee,
  Who dost remember us alway!

## IV.—The Boly Name of Jesus.



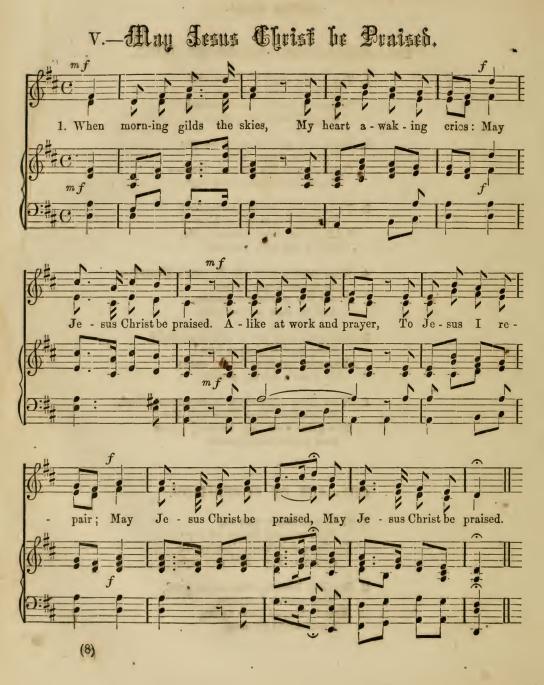
- Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the memory find,
   A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
   O Saviour of mankind!
- O hope of every contrite heart,
   O joy of all the meek,
   To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
   How good to those who seek!
- But what to those who find? ah! this
   Nor tongue nor pen can show:
   The love of Jesus, what it is,
   None but his loved ones know.
- Jesu! our only joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be; Jesu! be Thou our glory now, And through eternity.

#### XXI.—THE LOVING HEART OF JESUS.

- The loving heart of Jesus seek
   In trouble and distress,
   Whatever sorrow vex the mind,
   Or guilt the soul oppress.
- 2. Jesus, who gave Himself for you Upon the Cross to die,
  Opens to you His Sacred Heart—Oh, to that Heart draw nigh.
- Ye hear how kindly He invites;
   Ye hear His words so blest—
   "All ye that labor, come to Me,
   And I will give you rest."
- What meeker than the Saviour's Heart?—
   As on the Cross he lay
   It did His murderers forgive,
   And for their pardon pray.
- O Heart! thou joy of Saints on high!
   Thou hope of sinners here!
   Attracted by those loving words,
   To Thee I lift my prayer.
- Wash Thou my wounds in that dear Blood, Which forth from Thee doth flow; New grace, new hope inspire; a new And better heart bestow.

#### CIII.—ACT OF CONTRITION.

- 1. O God of Mercy pity us,
  With weeping hearts we cry:
  Do Thou then kindly pardon us,
  And hear Thy children's sigh.
- My God, because Thou art so good, With sorrow I deplore How I offended Thee by sin, I will offend no more.



- 2. The sacred minster bell,
  It peals o'er hi.l and dell;
  May Jesus Christ be praised.
  Oh! hark to what it sings,
  As joyously it rings;
  May Jesus Christ be praised.
- 3. To Thee, my God above,
  I cry with glowing love;
  May Jesus Christ be praised.
  The fairest graces spring
  In hearts that ever sing,
  May Jesus Christ be praised.
- 4. My tongue shall never tire
  Of chanting in the choir,
  May Jesus Christ be-praised.
  This song of sacred joy,
  It never seems to cloy;
  May Jesus Christ be praised.
- When sleep her balm denies,
   My silent spirit sighs;
   May Jesus Christ be praised.
   When evil thoughts molest,
   With this I shield my breast;
   May Jesus Christ be praised.
- 6. Does sadness fill my mind?
  A solace here I find;
  May Jesus Christ be praised.
  ( Or fades my earthly bliss?
  My comfort still is this;
  May Jesus Christ be praised.
- 7. Though burst my heart in twain,
  Still this shall be my strain;
  May Jesus Christ be praised.
  When you begin the day,
  Oh! never fail to say;
  May Jesus Christ be praised.
- 8. And at your work rejoice,
  To sing with heart and voice;
  May Jesus Christ be praised.

- Be this at meals your grace: In every time and place, May Jesus Christ be praised.
- Be this, when day is past,
   Of all your thoughts the last;
   May Jesus Christ be praised.
   In want and bitter pain,
   None ever said in vain;
   May Jesus Christ be praised.
- 10. Should guilt your spirit wring, Remember Christ, your King; May Jesus Christ be praised. The night becomes as day, When from the heart we say; May Jesus Christ be praised.
- 11 In Heav'n's eternal bliss,
  The loveliest strain is this;
  May Jesus Christ be praised.
  The powers of darkness fear,
  When this sweet chant they hear;
  May Jesus Christ be praised.
- 12. To God the Word on high, The hosts of Angels cry; May Jesus Christ be praised. Let mortals, too, upraise Their voice in hymns of praise; May Jesus Christ be praised.
- 13. Let earth's wide circle round, In joyful notes resound; May Jesus Christ be praised. Let air, and sea, and sky, From depth to height reply; May Jesus Christ be praised.
- 14. Be this, while life is mine,
  My canticle divine;
  May Jesus Christ be praised.
  Be this th' eternal song,
  Through all the ages on;
  May Jesus Christ be praised.

### VI.—Weni Greafor.



- 2. Thou that art named the Paraelete, The Gift of God, His Spirit sweet; The Living Fountain, Fire, and Love, And gracious Unction from above:
- 3. Of God's Right Hand the Finger Thou, Who dost Thy sevenfold grace bestow; True Promise of the Father, rich In gifts of tongues and various speech.
- 4. Enable with perpetual light
  The dulness of our blinded sight;
  Our hearts with heavenly love fulfill
  To walk Thy way, and do Thy will.

#### CANTICA SACRA.

- Stablish our weakness, and refresh With fortitude our fainting flesh: Keep far our foes, give peace at home; Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.
- 6. Teach us to know the Father, Son, And Thee, of Both, to be but One, That through the ages all along This faith may be love's endless song.
- To God the Father laud and praise, And to the Son, whom He did raise, And to the Holy Spirit be, Now and for all eternity.

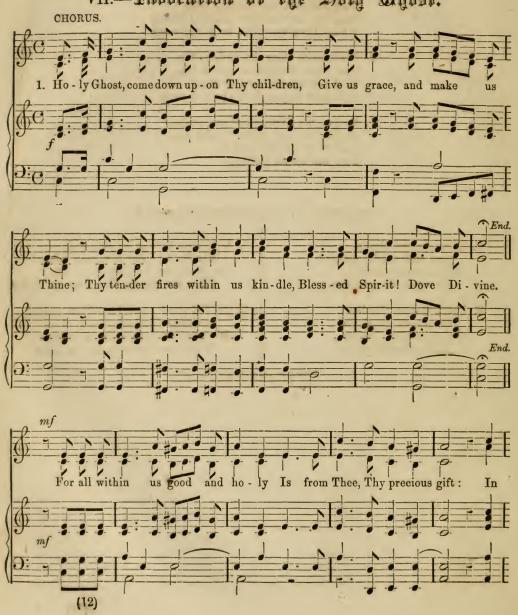
#### XXXVIII.—O SALUTARIS HOSTIA.\*

- O SALUTARIS Hostia,
   Quæ cœli pandis ostium:
   Bella premunt hostilia,
   Da robur, fer auxilium.
- 2. Uni Trinoque Domino
  Sit sempiterna gloria,
  Qui vitam sine termino
  Nobis donet in patria.

- O Saving Victim, op'ning wide
   The Gate of heav'n to man below!
   Our foes press on from every side;
   Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.
- To Thy great name be endless praise, Immortal Godhead, one in three!
   Oh, grant us endless length of days In our true native land with Thee.

<sup>\*</sup> See also pages 50, and 51.

# VII.—Invocation of the Holy Chost.

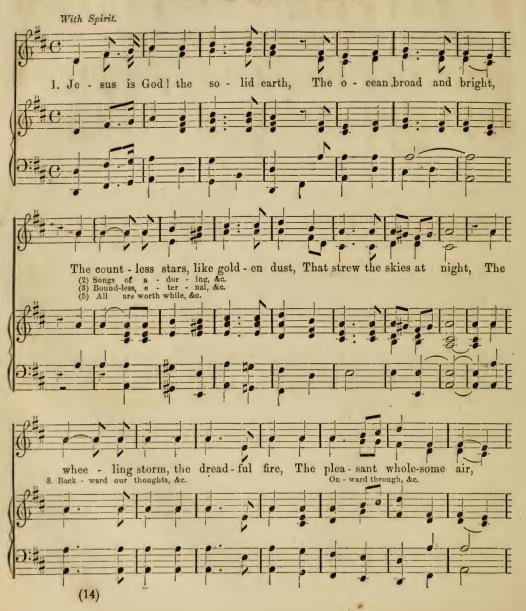


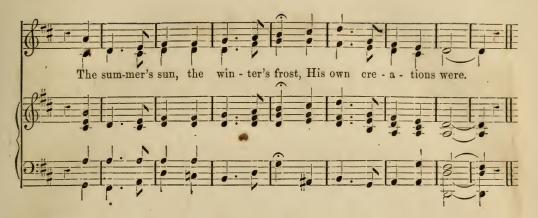


- For Thou to us art more than father,
   More than sister, in Thy love,
   So gentle, patient, and forbearing,
   Holy Spirit! heavenly Dove!
   Holy Ghost, &c.
- 3. O we have grieved Thee, gracious Spirit!
  Wayward, wanton, cold are we;
  And still our sins, new every morning,
  Never yet have wearied Thee.
  Holy Ghost, &c.
- 4. Dear Paraclete! how hast Thou waited
  While our hearts were slowly turned!
  How often hath Thy love been slighted,
  While for us it grieved and burned!
  Holy Ghost, &c.

- Now, if our hearts do not deceive us,
   We would take Thee for our Lord;
   O dearest Spirit, make us faithful
   To Thy least and highest word.
   Holy Ghost, &c.
- 6. Ah! sweet Consoler, though we cannot
  Love Thee as Thou lovest us,
  Yet if Thou deignst our hearts to kindle,
  They will not be always thus.
  Holy Ghost, &c.
- 7. With hearts so vile how dare we venture,
  King of kings, to love Thee so?
  And how canst Thou, with such compassion,
  Bear so long with things so low?
  Holy Ghost, &c.

### VIII.—Aesus is God.

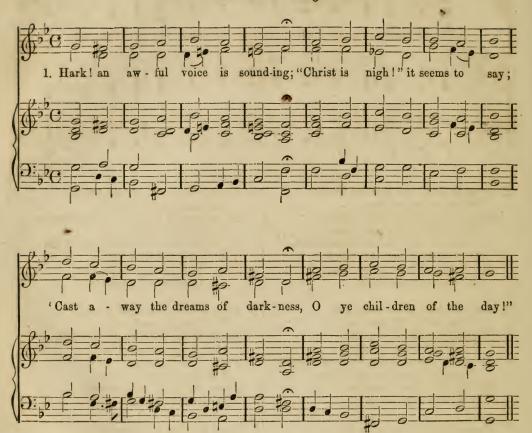




- Jesus is God! the glorious bands
   Of golden angels sing
   Songs of adoring praise to Him,
   Their Maker and their King.
   He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
   On Calvary's cross true God,
   He who in Heaven eternal reigned,
   In time on earth abode.
- 3. Jesus is God! there never was
  A time when He was not:
  Boundless, eternal, merciful,
  The Word the Sire begot!
  Backward our thoughts thro' ages stretch
  Onward through endless bliss,—
  For there are two eternities,
  And both alike are His!
- 4. Jesus is God! alas! they say
  On earth the numbers grow
  Who His Divinity blaspheme
  To their unfailing woe.
  And yet what is the single end
  Of this life's mortal span,
  Except to glorify the God
  'Who for our sakes was man?

- 5. Jesus is God! let sorrow come,
  And pain, and every ill;
  All are worth while, for all are means
  His glory to fulfil;
  Worth while a thousand years of life
  To speak one little word,
  If by our Credo we might own
  The Godhead of our Lord!
- 6. Jesus is God! O could I now
  But compass land and sea,
  To teach and tell this single truth,
  How happy should I be!
  O had I but an angel's voice,
  I would proclaim so loud,—
  Jesus, the good, the beautiful,
  Is everlasting God!
- Jesus is God! if on the earth
   This blessed faith decays,
   More tender must our love become,
   More plentiful our praise.
   We are not angels, but we may
   Down in earth's corners kneel,
   And multiply sweet acts of love,
   And murmur what we feel.

# IX.—Abbenk Hymn.



- 2. Startled at the solemn warning,
  Let the earth-bound soul arise;
  Christ her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
  Shines upon the morning skies.
- 3. Lo! the Lamb so long expected,
  Comes with pardon down from Heaven;
  Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
  One and all to be forgiven.

#### CANTICA SACRA.

- So, when next He comes with glory, Rapping all the earth in fear, May He then as our Defender On the clouds of Heaven appear.
- Honor, glory, virtue, merit,
   To the Father and the Son,
   With the everlasting Spirit,
   While eternal ages run.

#### XLVIII.—ACTS OF THANKSGIVING AND OFFERING.\*

- Blessed be the love of Jesus, Giving us His flesh and blood, Blessed be His Mother Mary, Mother ever kind and good.
- Blessed be the great St. Joseph— Sing then with devotion true:
   "Dearest Jesus, Mary, Joseph, Heart and life I give to you."

\* See also page 68.

### XI.—The Snow lay on the Ground.—No. 1.

CHRISTMAS CAROL, SUNG BY THE PIFFERARI\* AT ROME.



- 'Twas Mary, daughter pure
   Of holy Ann,
   That brought into this world
   Our God made Man.
- 3. She laid Him in a stall,
  At Bethlehem,
  The ass and oxen shared
  The roof with them.

- Saint Joseph too was by,
   To tend the Child,
   To guard Him, and protect
   His Mother mild.
- The angels hovered round, And sang this song, Venite adoremus Dominum.

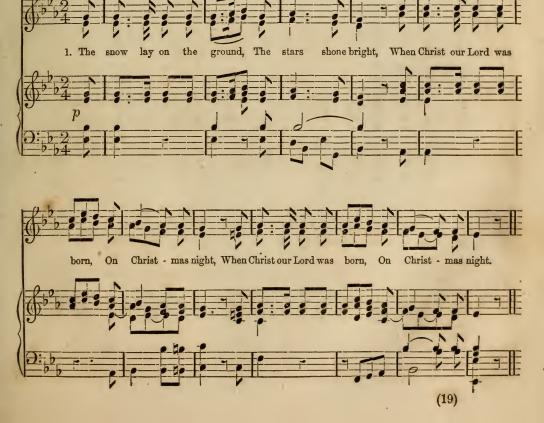
<sup>\*</sup> The Pifferari are shepherds of the Abruzzi mountains, who visit Rome at Christmas-time, singing earols, and playing a kind of hautboy, whence their name.

6. And thus, that manger poor
Became a throne:
For, He Whom Mary bore,
Was God the Son.

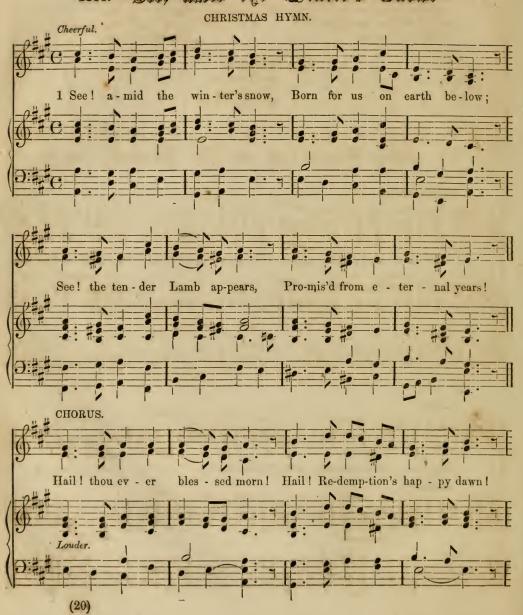
With Simplicity.

- O come then, let us join
   The heav'nly host,
   To praise the Father, Son,
   And Holy Ghost.
- 8. Venite adoremus Dominum. Venite adoremus Dominum.

### XI.—The Snow lay on the Ground.—No. 2.



# XII.—See, amid the Winter's Snow.





- 2. Lo! within a manger lies

  He who built the starry skies:

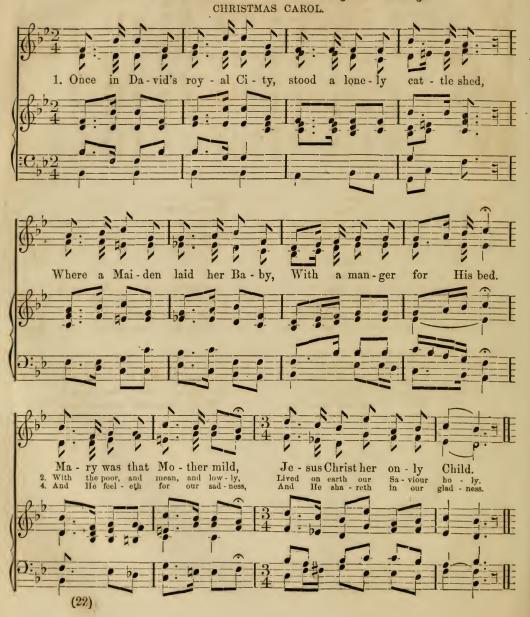
  He who, throned in height sublime,

  Sits amid the cherubim.

  Hail! thou ever-blessed morn! &c.
- 3." Say, ye holy shepherds, say,
  What your joyful news to-day?
  Wherefore have ye left your sheep
  On the lonely mountain steep?"
  Hail! thou ever-blessed morn! &c.
- 4." As we watch'd at dead of night,
  Lo! we saw a wondrous light;
  Angels singing, 'Peace on earth,'
  Told us of the Saviour's birth."
  Hail! thou ever-blessed morn! &c.

- 5. Sacred Infant! all divine!
  What a tender love was Thine!
  Thus to come from highest bliss
  Down to such a world as this!
  Hail! thou ever-blessed morn! &c.
- 6. Teach, oh teach us, holy Child! By Thy face so meek and mild; Teach us to resemble Thee In Thy sweet humility. Hail! thou ever-blessed morn! &c.
- 7. Virgin Mother! Mary blest!
  By the joys that fill thy breast,
  Pray for us that we may prove
  Worthy of the Saviour's love.
  Hail! thou ever-blessed morn! &c.

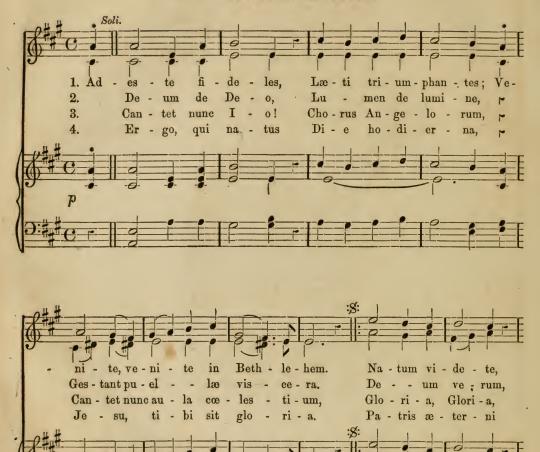
# XIII.—Once in Dabid's royal City.



#### CANTICA SACRA.

- He came down to earth from Heaven,
   Who is God and Lord of all,
   And His shelter was a stable,
   And His cradle was a stall.
   With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
   Lived on earth our Saviour holy.
- 3. And through all His wondrous Childhood,
  He would honor and obey;
  Love and watch the lowly Maiden,
  In whose gentle arms He lay.
  Christian children all must be,
  Mild, obedient, good as He.
- 4. For He is our childhood's pattern, Day by day like us He grew; He was little, weak, and helpless, Tears and smiles like us He knew. And He feeleth for our sadness, And He shareth in our gladness.
- 5. And our eyes at last shall see Him, Through His own redeeming love; For that Child so dear and gentle, Is our Lord in Heaven above, And He leads His children on, To the Home where He is gone.
- 6. Not in that poor lonely stable, With the oxen standing by, We shall see Him; but in Heaven, Set at God's right hand on high, When like stars His children crown'd, All in white shall wait around.

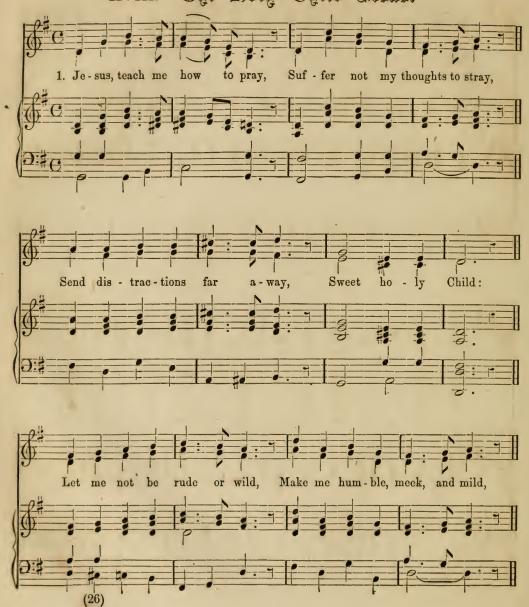
### XIV.—Abeste Sibeles.



Repeat loud.



# xvIII.—The Holy Child Sesus.



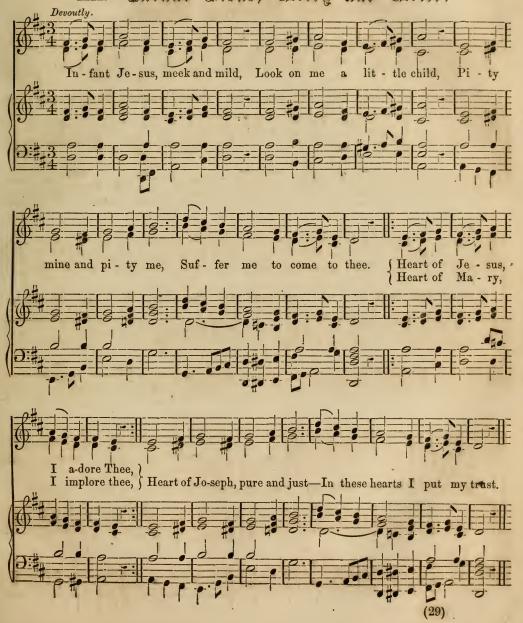


- When I work or when I play,
   Be Thou with me through the day,
   Teach me what to do and say,
   Sweet holy Child.
   Make me love Thy Mother blest,
   Safe beneath her care to rest,
   As a bird within its nest,
   Sweet holy Child.
- 3. When the hour of death is nigh,
  Then may Mary standing by,
  Take me in her arms to die,
  Sweet holy Child.
  So through all eternity
  Will I bless their charity,
  Who first led my steps to Thee,
  Sweet holy Child.

# XIX.—Heart of the Boly Child.



### xx.—Inkank Tesus, Meck and Milb.



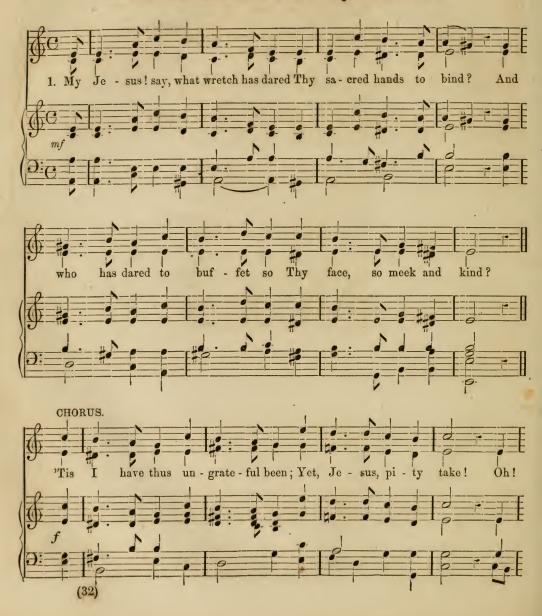
#### XXII.—The Brecious Blook.



#### CANTICA SACRA.

- 2. To endless ages let us praise
  The Precious Blood, whose price could raise
  The world from wrath and sin;
  Whose streams our inward thirst appease,
  And heal the sinner's worst disease,
  If he but bathe therein.
- 3. O sweetest Blood, that can implore Pardon of God, and heaven restore,
  The heaven which sin had lost:
  While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,
  What Jesus shed still intercedes
  For those who wrong Him most.
- 4. O to be sprinkled from the wells
  Of Christ's own sacred Blood, excels
  Earth's best and highest bliss:
  The ministers of wrath divine
  Hurt not the happy hearts that shine
  With those red drops of His!
- 5. Ah! there is joy amid the Saints, And hell's despairing courage faints, When this sweet song we raise: O louder then, and louder still, Earth with one mighty chorus fill, The Precious Blood to praise!

#### xxiv.—Meditation on the Bassion.





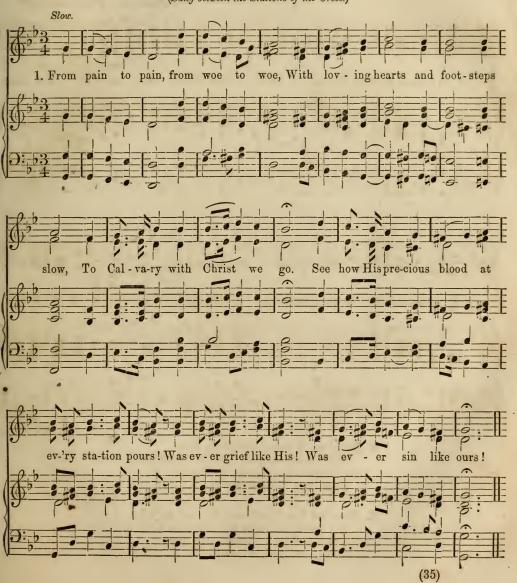
- 2. My Jesus! who with spittle vile Profaned Thy sacred brow? Or whose unpitying scourge has made Thy precious blood.to flow? 'Tis I have thus, &c.
- 3. My Jesus! whose the hands that wove That cruel thorny crown?
  Who made that hard and heavy cross
  That weighs Thy shoulders down?
  "Tis I have thus, &c.
- 4. My Jesus! who has mocked Thy thirst With vinegar and gall; Who held the nails that pierced Thy hands, And made the hammer fall? 'Tis I have thus, &c.
- 5. My Jesus! say, who dared to nail Those tender feet of Thine; And whose the arm that raised the lance To pierce that Heart Divine? 'Tis I have thus, &c.
- 6. And, Mary! who on Calvary rais'd Thy bleeding Son on high? Canst thou forgive the eruel crime, That caused Him thus to die? 'Tis I have thus ungrateful been To Jesus and to thee; Forgive me for thy Jesus' sake And pray to Him for me.

# Fradie MXXV.—From Bain to Bain.—No. 1.

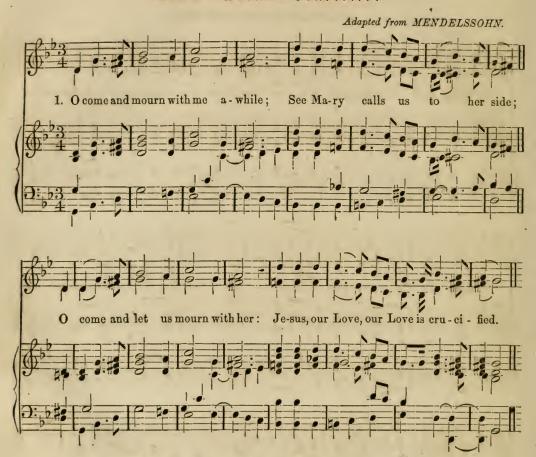
(Sung between the Stations of the Cross.) Very Slow. 1. From pain to pain, from woe to woe, With lov - ing hearts and slow, To Cal-va-ry with Christ we go. See how His precious blood at ev - 'ry - tion pours! Was ev - er grief like His! Was 

XXV.—From Bain to Bain,—No. 2.

(Sung between the Stations of the Cross.)



#### xxvi.—Iesus Grucificd.



- 2. Have we no tears to shed for Him While soldiers scoff and Jews deride? Ah! look how patiently He hangs; Jesus, our Love, is crucified!
- 3. How fast His Hands and Feet are nailed;
  His blessed Tongue with thirst is tied,
  His failing Eyes are blind with blood;
  Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

#### CANTICA SACRA.

- 4. His mother cannot reach His Face;
  She stands in helplessness beside;
  Her heart is martyred with her Son's;
  Jesus, our Love, is crucified!
- 5. Seven times He spoke, seven words of love, And three long hours His silence cried For mercy on the souls of men; Jesus, our Love, is crucified!
- 6. What was Thy crime, my dearest Lord?
  By earth, by heaven, Thou hast been tried,
  And guilty found of too much love;
  Jesus, our Love, is crucified

#### PART II.

- 7. Found guilty of excess of love, It was thine own sweet will that tied Thee tighter far than helpless nails; Jesus, our Love, is crucified!
- 8. Death came, and Jesus meekly bowed;
  His failing eyes He strove to guide
  With mindful love to Mary's face;
  Jesus, our Love, is crucified!
- O break, O break, hard heart of mine;
   Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
   His Pilate and His Judas were;
   Jesus, our Love, is crueified!
- 10. Come, take thy stand beneath the Cross, And let the Blood from out His Side Fall gently on thee drop by drop; Jesus, our Love, is crucified!
- 11. A broken heart, a fount of tears, Ask, and they will not be denied; A broken heart, love's cradle is; Jesus, our Love, is crucified!
- 12. O love of God! O Sin of man!
  In this dread act your sin is tried;
  And victory remains with love,
  For He, our Love, is crucified!

#### xxvIII.—Caster Humn.

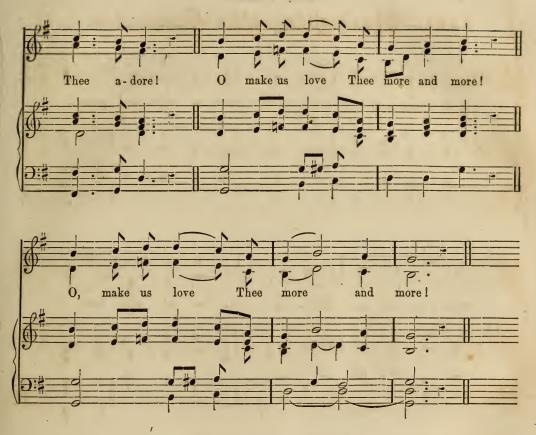




- 2. Angels clad in snowy white,
  Coming from the realms of light,
  Bid us sing with grateful voice,
  Bid us all Rejoice, Rejoice!
  Resurrexit, &c.
- 3. Man was but a slave before,
  Man is free for evermore;
  Heaven and earth with grateful voice,
  Bid us all Rejoice, Rejoice!
  Resurrexit, &c.

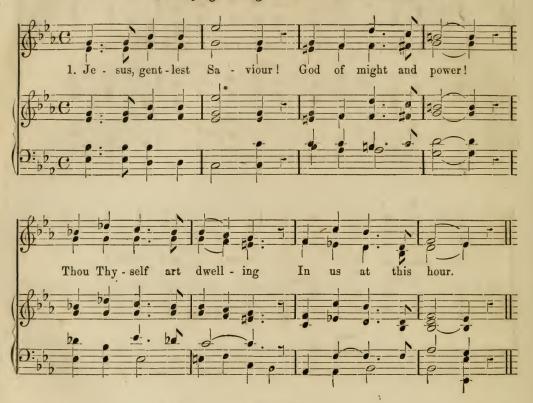
## xxix.—The Most Boly Sacrament.





- 2. Had I but Mary's sinless heart
  To love Thee with, my dearest King!
  O with what bursts of fervent praise
  Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing!
  Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
  O, make us love Thee more and more!
- 3. O see! within a creature's hand
  The vast Creator deigns to be,
  Reposing infant-like, as though
  On Joseph's arm, or Mary's knee.
  Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
  O, make us love Thee more and more!
- 4. Thy Body, Soul, and Godhead, all!
  O mystery of love divine!
  I cannot compass all I have,
  For all Thou hast and art are mine!
  Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
  O, make us love Thee more and more!
- 5. Sound, sound His praises higher still, And come, ye angels, to our aid. 'Tis God! 'tis God! the very God Whose power both man and angels made! Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore! O, make us love Thee more and more!

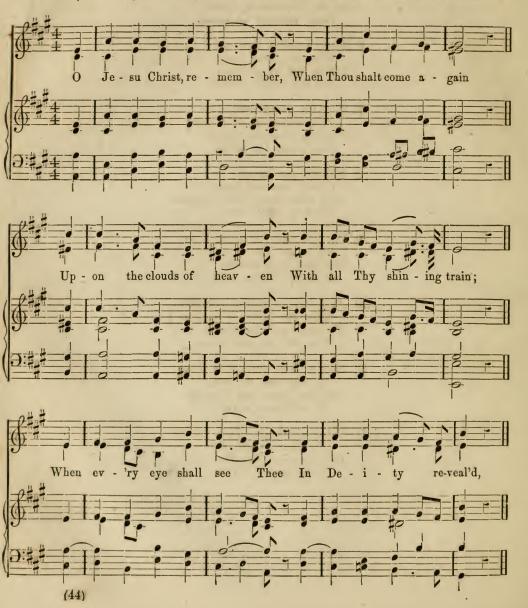
### xxxi.—Thanksgibing after Communion.



- Nature cannot hold Thee, Heaven is all too strait For Thine endless glory, And Thy royal state.
- 3. Out beyond the shining
  Of the furthest star,
  Thou art ever stretching
  Infinitely far.
- Yet the hearts of children Hold what worlds cannot, And the God of wonders Loves the lowly spot.

- 5. As men to their gardens
  Go to seek sweet flowers,
  In our hearts dear Jesus
  Seeks them at all hours.
- Jesus, gentlest Saviour!
   Thou art in us now;
   Fill us full of goodness
   Till our hearts o'erflow.
- 7. Pray the prayer within us
  That to heaven shall rise;
  Sing the song that angels
  Sing above the skies.
- Multiply our graces,
   Chiefly love and fear,
   And, dear Lord! the chiefest—
   Grace to persevere.
- Oh, how can we thank Thee
   For a gift like this,
   Gift that truly maketh
   Heaven's eternal bliss.
- 10. Ah! when wilt Thou always
  Make our hearts Thy Home?
  We must wait for heaven,—
  Then the day will come.
- Now at least we'll keep Thee
   All the time we may—
   But Thy grace and blessing
   We will keep alway.
- 12. When our hearts Thou leavest,
  Worthless though they be,
  Give them to Thy Mother
  To be kept for Thee.

#### xxxv.—Prayer to Iesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

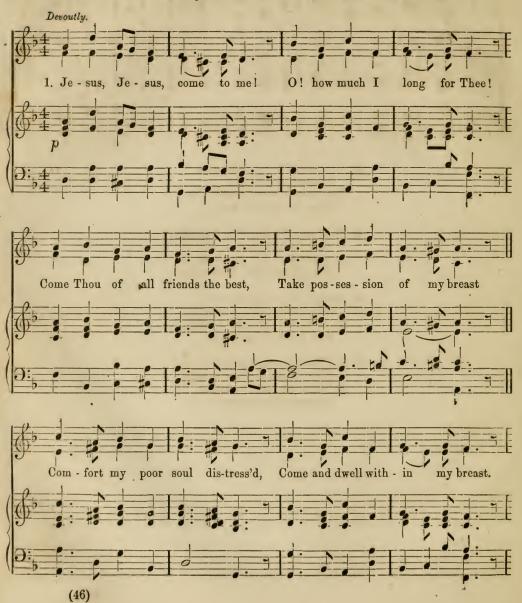




- 2. Remember then, O Saviour,
  I supplicate of Thee,
  That here I bow'd before Thee,
  Upon my bended knee;
- 3. That here I own'd Thy presence,
  And did not Thee deny;
  And glorified Thy greatness,
  Though hid from human eye.
- Accept, Divine Redeemer, The homage of my praise;
   Be Thou the light and honor, And glory of my days.
- Be Thou my consolation

   When death is drawing nigh;
   Be Thou my only Treasure
   Through all eternity.

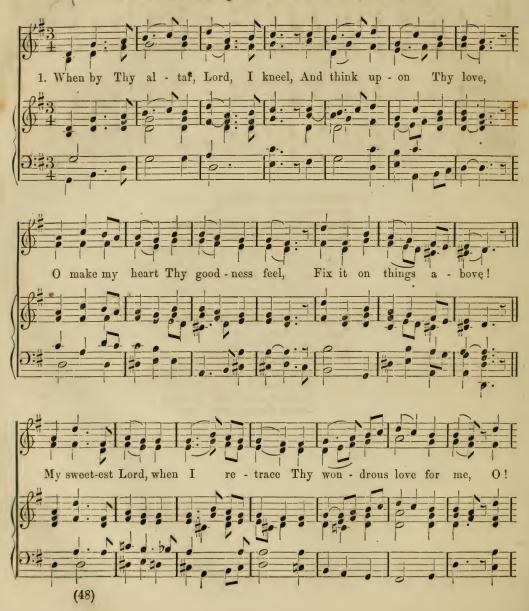
### xxxvi.—Hymn before Communion.





- 2. Empty is all worldly joy,
  Ever mix'd with some alloy;
  Give me my true Sovereign Good,
  Jesus, Thy own Flesh and Blood.
  Comfort my poor soul distress'd,
  Come and dwell within my breast;
  O! how oft I sigh for Thee,
  Jesus, Jesus, come to me.
- 3. On the Cross three hours for me
  Thou didst hang in agony;
  I my heart to Thee resign,
  O! what rapture to be Thine!
  Comfort my poor soul distress'd,
  Come and dwell within my breast;
  O! how oft I sigh for Thee,
  Jesus, Jesus, come to me.

#### XXXVII.—The Bread of Life.





- About to leave this wretched earth,
   On man Thy thoughts still bent,
   Thy sacred, boundless love gave birth
   To this sweet Sacrament.
   My sweetest Lord, &c.
- 3. O manna! which my Sov'reign Lord In pity left for me; Without this mystery ador'd What would this exile be? My sweetest Lord, &c.
- 4. A desert land of woe and care, A pilgrimage of strife, Who could its grief, its sorrows bear Without this Bread of Life? My sweetest Lord, &c.

- My soul here finds a sov'reign balm,
   A cure for every grief,
   'Mid pain and care a heavenly calm,
   A solace and relief.
   My sweetest Lord, &c.
- Supported by this Heavenly Bread,
   My Lord's last pledge of love;
   With joy the rugged path I'll tread,
   To Horeb's mount above.
   My sweetest Lord, &c.
- Strengthen'd by this, my soul its flight
   Shall from this exile soar,
   To dwell in realms of bliss and light,
   For ever, evermore.
   My sweetest Lord, &c.

#### XXXVIII.—O Salutaris Bostia.—No. 1.



#### XXXVIII.—V Salutaris Hostia:—No. 2.



\* A third melody for this hymn will be found on page 10.

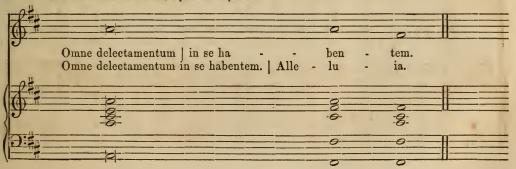
### XXXIX.—Tankum Ergo.—No. 1.





The versicle, Panem de cælo, etc., is recited on A, ending on F-sharp, to which the Response is as follows; the second arrangement (with Alleluia) being for Easter time, and the Octave of Corpus Christi.

N.B. The vertical bar indicates a pause for respiration.





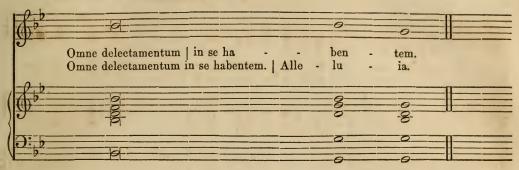
#### XXXIX.—Tantum Ergo.—No. 2.



#### CANTICA SACRA.

The versicle, Panem de cælo, etc., is recited on B-flat, ending on G, to which the Response is as follows; the second arrangement (with Alleluia) being for Easter-time, and the Octave of Corpus Christi.

N.B. The vertical bar indicates a pause for respiration.





#### XL.—Hymn af Mass.

PART I.—WORSHIP (At the beginning of Mass.)
PART II.—THANKSGIVING. (At the Offertory.)





#### XL.—Humn at Mass.—Concluded.

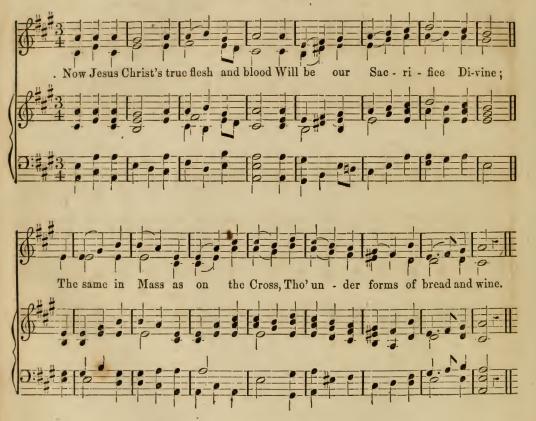
PART III.—ATONEMENT. (After the Elevation.)
PART IV.—PETITION. (At the Agnus Dei.)





### XLI.—Offering of Mass for the Bour Ends.

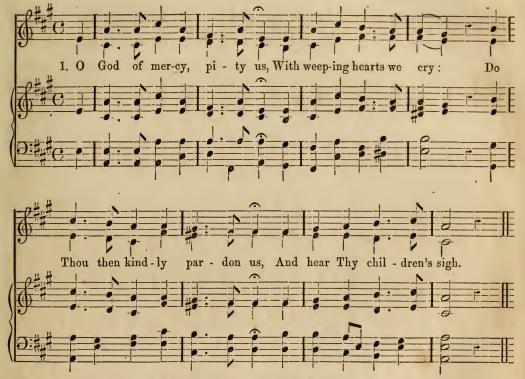
(Before the Priest enters.)



- We offer then the Holy Mass,
   Thee our Creator to adore,
   To thank Thee for Thy gracious gifts,
   And praise Thy name for evermore.
- 3. We pray for pardon and for grace,
  To change the lives that we have led,
  And beg Thee, for Thy Son's dear sake,
  To bless the living and the dead.

#### xlii.—Art of Confrition.

(At the beginning of Mass.)



 My God, because Thou art so good, With sorrow I deplore How I offended Thee by sin; I will offend no more.

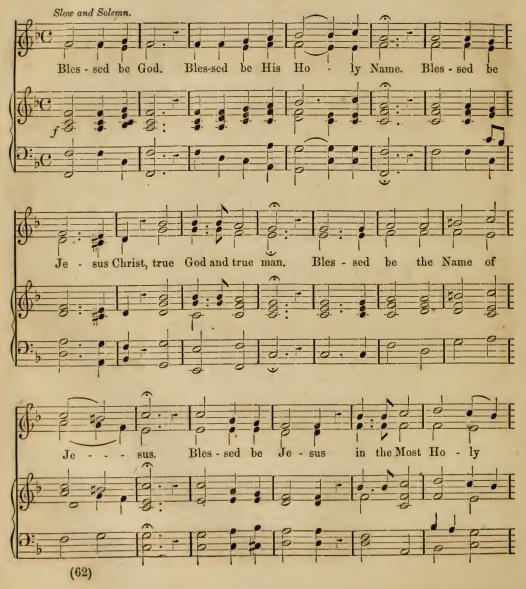
#### XLIII.—THY GOSPEL, JESUS, WE BELIEVE.

(At the Gospel. Music as on page 60, opposite.)

Thy Gospel, Jesus, we believe,
And for Thy help we humbly pray,
That we in thought, and word, and deed,
Thy Holy Gospel may obey.

#### xliv.—Dibine Braises.

(At the Offertory.)



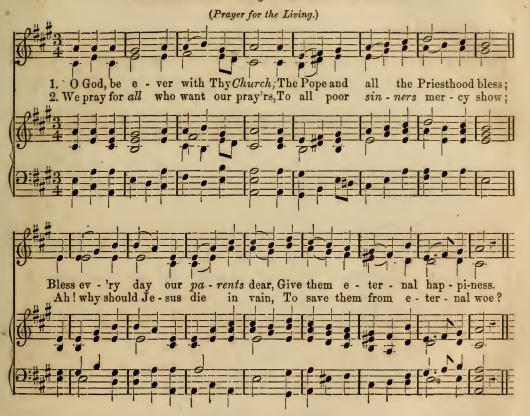




Instead of the above, The Four Great Truths of Faith, on page 105, or some hymn to the Blessed Virgin, may be sung at the Offertory, finishing before the Canon.

Mari Creator

#### xLv.-Af the Sanctus.



#### (Intercession of Saints.)

 We praise Thy Saints, may they for us With Jesus kindly intercede;
 May Mary pray her sweetest prayer,
 To help her children in their need.

#### (Before the Consecration.)

4. O God, 'tis now the solemn hour,
When bread and wine are truly made
The flesh and blood of Jesus Christ,
By words of Consecration said.

#### XLVI.—After the Elevation.

ACT OF FAITH. Slow, with devotion. Hea-vens, Earth! this won - der hear, By God Al-might - y's blood

(66)



#### ACT OF ADORATION.

O Jesus, God, Creator, Judge,
Thee present, humbly we adore,
To Thee in this great Sacrament
Be praise and glory evermore.
May every tongue to Thee confess,
May every heart Thy presence bless.

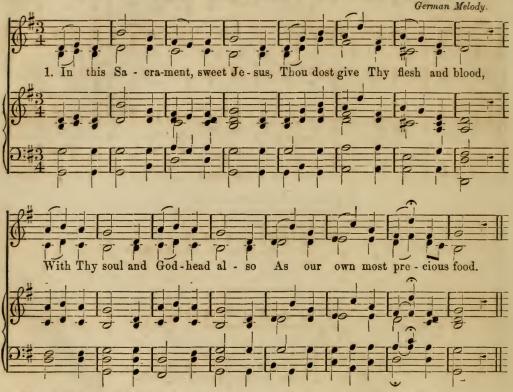
#### ACT OF PETITION.

Behold, O God, the precious blood
Of Jesus on the altar lies;
O Father, hear! how Jesu's blood
For grace and mercy loudly cries.
To Thee it speaketh to forgive,
Forgive us then that we may live.

#### PRAYER FOR THE DEAD.

Have mercy, too, on those who burn
In Purgatory's cleansing flame;
Through this most holy Sacrifice
Release them from their bitter pain.'
May they receive eternal rest,
And with the light of Heav'n be blest.

### XLVII.—Arts of Baith, Desire, etc.



- Yes, dear Jesus, I believe it,
   And Thy presence I adore,
   And with all my heart I love Thee,
   May I love Thee more and more.
- 3. Come, sweet Jesus, in Thy mercy, Give Thy flesh and blood to me;

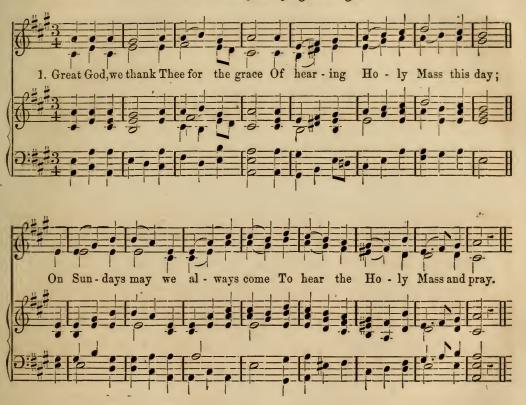
- Come to me, O dearest Jesus, Come, my soul's true life to be.
- 4. Come, that I may live forever,
  Thou in me and I in Thee;
  Living thus, I shall not perish,
  But shall live eternally.

#### XLVIII.—ACTS OF THANKSGIVING AND OFFERING.\*

- Blessed be the love of Jesus, Giving us His flesh and blood, Blessed be His Mother Mary, Mother ever kind and good.
- Blessed be the great St. Joseph, Sing then with devotion true;
   Dearest Jesus, Mary, Joseph, Heart and life I give to you."

(68) • Another melody for this hymn will be found on page 16.

## xlix.—Thanksgibing.



Then may the grace of Holy Mass
 Be with us still in all our need,
 And keep us from the stain of sin,
 In every thought, and word, and deed.

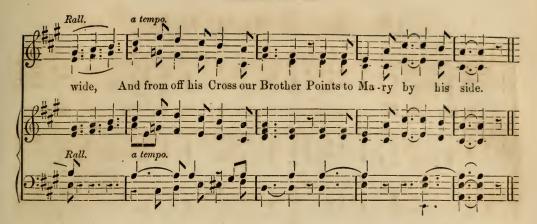
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AND THE PARTY

Miscellaneous Hymns.

## L.—The Orphans' Conservation to Mary.

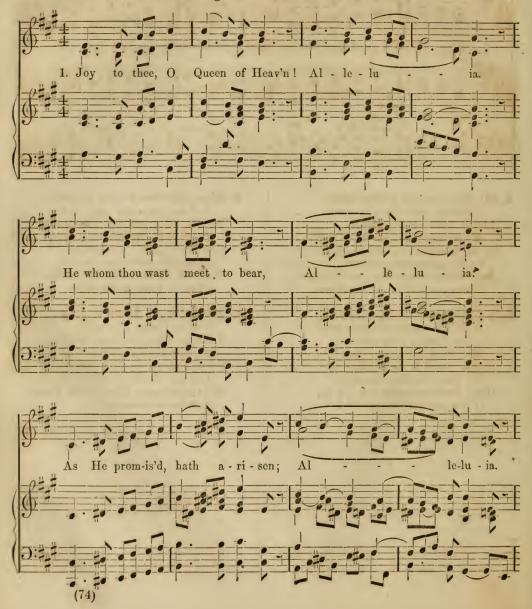




- We have seen thy picture often With thy little babe in arms, And it ever seems to soften All our sorrows with its charms; So we want thee for our Mother, In thy gentle arms to rest, And to share with Him, our Brother, That sweet pillow on thy breast.
- 3. We have none but thee to love us
  With a Mother's fondling care;
  And our Father, God above us,
  Bids us fly for refuge there.
  All the world is dark before us,
  We must out into its strife;
  If thy fondness watch not o'er us,
  O how sad will be our life!

- 4. So we take thee for our Mother,
  And we claim our right to be,
  By the gift of our dear Brother,
  Babes and children unto thee;
  And the orphans' consecration
  Thou wilt surely not despise,
  From thy bright and lofty station
  Close to Jesus in the skies.
- 5. Mother Mary! to thy keeping Soul and body we confide, Toiling, resting, waking, sleeping, To be ever at thy side; Cares that vex us, joys that please us, Life and death we trust to thee; Thou must make them all for Jesus, And for all eternity!

## LIII.—Regina Coeli, laefare.





#### LII.—Bail! Ocean Star.



- 2. Oh, by thy joy
  When Gabriel hail'd thee blest!
  In peace confirm us one and all,
  And make amends for Eva's fall;
  Hail! Mary, hail!
- 3. Break thou the chains
  Of those whom sin has bound;
  Upon the blind thy radiance pour;
  Each ill remove, each bliss implore;
  Hail! Mary, hail!
- 4. Shew, shew thyself
  The Mother that thou art;
  Present our pray'rs before His throne,
  Who for our sakes became thy Son;
  Hail! Mary, hail!

- O Virgin blest!
  O meekest of the meek!
  Keep us in virtue's path secure;
  Keep us, oh, keep us meek and pure;
  Hail! Mary, hail!
- 6. Be thou the guide
  Of all our life, we pray;
  Till in thy bosom safe we rest,
  With Christ's eternal vision blest;
  Hail! Mary, hail!
- 7. Through every time,
   Through all eternity,To Thee, O Father! Thee, O Son!And Thee, O Spirit! Three in One,
   One glory be.

(75)

# LIV.—The Dolors of Mary.



- O that mournful Virgin Mother!
   See her tears how fast they flow
   Down upon His mangled body,
   Wounded side, and thorny brow;
   While His hands and feet she kisses,
   Picture of immortal woe!
- 3. Oft and oft His arms and bosom
  Fondly straining to her own;
  Oft her pallid lips imprinting
  On each wound of her dear Son;
  Till at last, in swoons of anguish,
  Sense and consciousness are gone.
- Gentle Mother, we beseech thee,
   By thy tears and trouble sore;
   By the death of thy dear Offspring;
   By the bloody wounds He bore;
   Touch our hearts with that true sorrow
   Which afflicted thee of yore.
- To the Father everlasting,
   And the Son, who reigns on high,
   With the coeternal Spirit,
   Trinity in Unity,
   Be salvation, honor, blessing,
   Now and through eternity.

#### LV.—Stabat Mater.



- 2. Cujus animam gementem, Contristatam, et dolentem, Pertransivit gladius.
- 3. O quam tristis et afflicta Fuit illa benedicta Mater Unigeniti!
- 4. Quæ mærebat, et dolebat, Pia Mater dum videbat Nati pænas inelyti.
- 5. Quis est homo, qui non fleret Christi Matrem si videret In tanto supplicio?
- 6. Quis non posset contristari, Christi Matrem contemplari Dolentem cum Filio? (78)

- 7. Pro peccatis suæ gentis, Vidit Jesum in tormentis, Et flagellis subditum.
- 8. Vidit suum dulcem natum Moriendo, desolatum, Dum emisit spiritum.
- 9. Eia Mater, fons amoris, Me sentire vim doloris Fac, ut tecum lugeam.
- Fac ut ardeat cor meum In amando Christum Deum, Ut sibi complaceam.
- 11. Sancta Mater, istud agas, Crucifixi fige plagas Cordi meo valide.

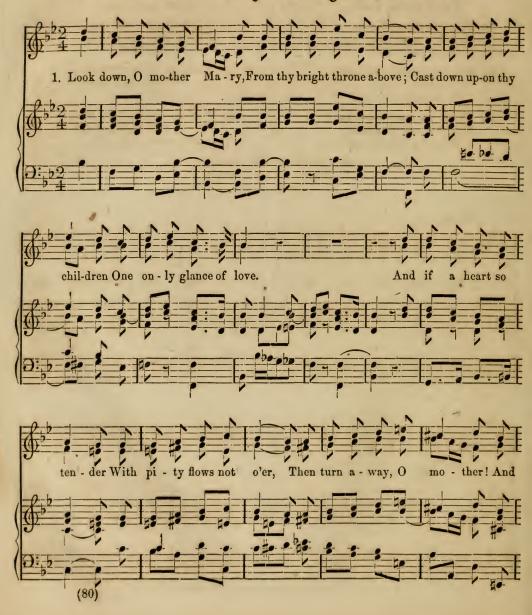
- Tui Nati vulnerati,
   Tam dignati pro me pati,
   Pœnas mecum divide.
- 13. Fac me tecum pie flere, Crucifixo condolere, Donec ego vixero.
- 14. Juxta crucem tecum stare, Et me tibi sociare In planctu desidero.
- 15. Virgo virginum præclara, Mihi jam non sis amara, Fac me tecum plangere:

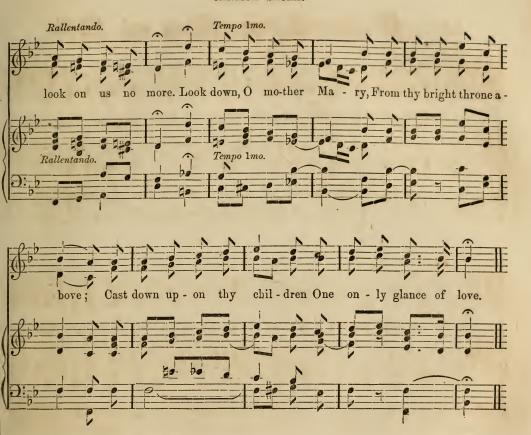
- 16. Fac ut portem Christi mortem, Passionis fac consortem, Et plagas recolere.
- 17. Fac me plagis vulnerari, Fac me cruce inebriari, Et cruore Filii.
- Flammis ne urar succensus, Per te, Virgo, sim defensus In die judicii.
- 19. Christe, cum sit hinc exire,
  Da per Matrem me venire
  Ad palmam victoriæ.

20. Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria. Amen.



## LVI.—To our Taby, Refuge of Sinners.





- 2. See how ingrate and guilty
  We stand before thy Son;
  His loving heart reproaches
  The evil we have done.
  But if thou wilt appease Him,
  Speak for us—but one word;
  Thou only canst obtain us
  The pardon of our Lord.
  Look down, &c.
- 3. O Mary, dearest Mother!
  If thou wouldst have us live,
  Say we are thy poor children,
  And then He will forgive.

- Our sins make us unworthy
  That title still to bear,
  But thou art still our Mother!
  Then show a mother's care.
  Look down, &c.
- 4. Unfold to us thy mantle,

  There stay we without fear:
  What evil can befall us

  If, Mother, thou art near?
  O sweetest, dearest Mother!

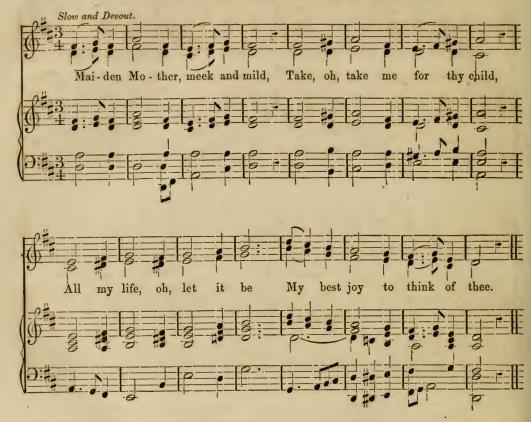
  Thy sinful children save;
  Look down on us with pity,

  Who thy protection crave.

  Look down, &c.

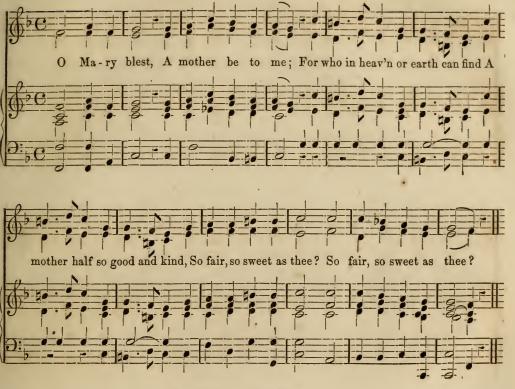
(81)

## LVII.-Maiden Mother, Meeh and Mild.



- 2. When my eyes are closed in sleep,
  Through the night my slumbers keep,
  Make my latest thought to be
  How to love thy Son and thee.
- 3. Teach me, when the sunbeam bright Calls me with its golden light, How my waking thoughts may be Turn'd to Jesus, and to thee.
- 4. And, oh, teach me through the day Oft to raise my heart and say, "Maiden Mother, meek and mild, Guard, oh, guard thy faithful child!"
- 5. Thus, sweet Mother, day and night Thou shalt guide my steps aright; And my dying words shall be "Virgin Mother, pray for me!"

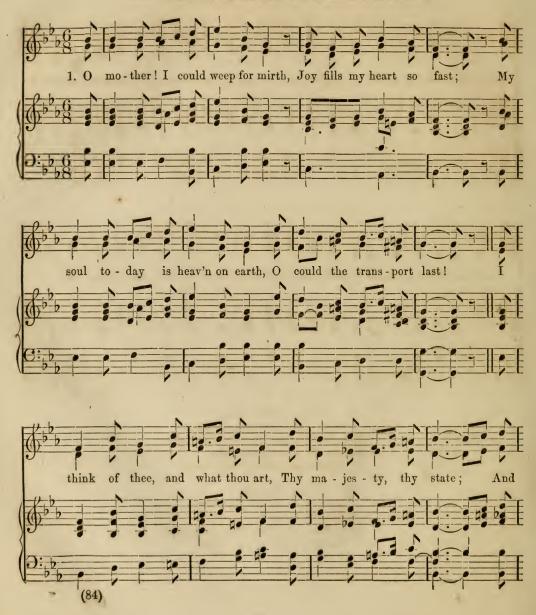
## LVIII.—O Mary blest.



2. Think, mother blest,
That thine own Son divine,
When nail'd upon His cross on high,
For me He was about to die,
Made thee, His mother, mine.

3. O thou who art
In heaven at His right hand,
Obtain that I again may see
My parents dear with Him and thee,
In that bright happy land.

#### LX.—Immaculate! Immaculate!

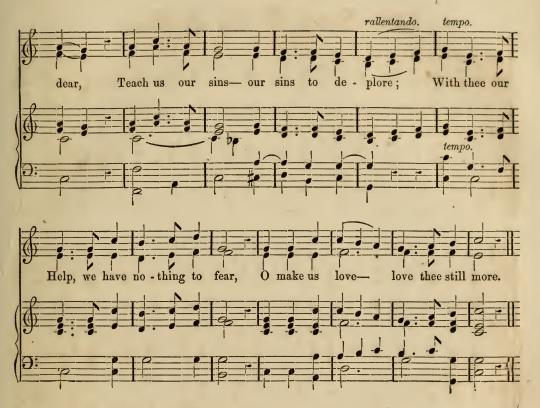




- The angels answer with their songs,
   Bright choirs in gleaming rows;
   And saints flock round thy feet in throngs,
   And heaven with bliss o'erflows.
   I think of thee, &c.
- 3. O, I would rather, Mother dear!
  Thou shouldst be what thou art,
  Than sit where thou dost, O so near
  Unto the Sacred Heart.
  I think of thee, &c.
- 4. O, I would forfeit all for thee,
  Rather than thou shouldst miss
  One jewel from thy majesty,
  One glory from thy bliss.
  I think of thee, &c.
- 5. Conceived, conceived Immaculate!
  O what a joy for thee!
  Conceived, conceived Immaculate!
  O greater joy for me.
  I think of thee, &c.

## LXI.—Mother of Help.

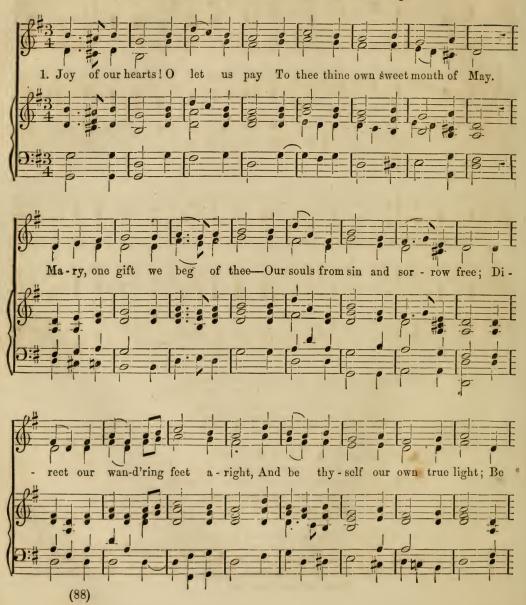




- Mother of Help, thy sweet power display, Never, O Queen, in our souls cease to reign, And all our passions still help to allay, Hear, oh hear our suppliant strain. Mary, we love thee, &c.
- 3. Mother of Help, O dear Mary mild,
  In love of Jesus our hearts ever train,
  Each of us with Him embrace as thy child,
  Hear, oh hear our suppliant strain.
  Mary we love thee, &c.
- 4. Mother of Help, yet this last grace supply,
  When, at death's hour, our bright crown we would gain,
  In Jesu's arms, O grant we may die!
  Hear, oh hear our suppliant strain.
  Mary we love thee, &c.

(87)

## LXII.—Sweet Month of May.



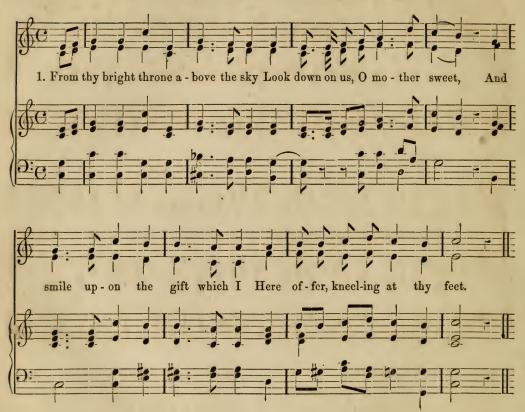


- - Thou who wert pure as driven snow,
    Make us as thou wert here below;
    Oh, Queen of Heaven! obtain that we
    Thy glory there one day may see;

- Write on our frail heart's deepest core
  The five dear wounds that Jesus bore,
  And give us tears to shed with thee,
  Beneath the Cross on Calvary.
  Joy of our hearts, &c.
- 4. When mute before the Judge we stand, Our holy shield be Mary's hand! Oh, Mother, let no child of thine In hell's eternal exile pine; One more request, and we have done: With love of thee and thy dear Son More let us burn, and more each day, Till love of self is burned away.

  Joy of our hearts, &c.

# LXIV.—A Child's May Song.



- O Mother of my God and mine, I've brought some simple flowers to-day, That they may bloom upon thy shrine The long, long hours that I'm away.
- 3. So their sweet breath shall rise like prayer,
  When I am far from this dear spot;
  Thou'lt think of me while they are here,
  And absent, I'll forget thee not.
- 4. If I were rich in gems and gold,
  All, all to thee I'd freely give;

How could I anything withhold
That it might please thee to receive?

- 5. But if I had a golden mine, And were to lay it at thy feet My heart not being truly thine, Say, would it please thee, Mother sweet?
- I know it would not, and I know
   That I can only be thine own,
   By loving Him who loved thee so
   That He became thine own dear son.

- My heart henceforth shall be all thine, And I will watch, and I will pray, That never thought or word of mine May take my heart from thee away.
- 8. Oh! give a blessing now to me,
  I'll try to be so good all day,
  That I may bring fresh flowers to thee,
  To make thy holy altar gay.

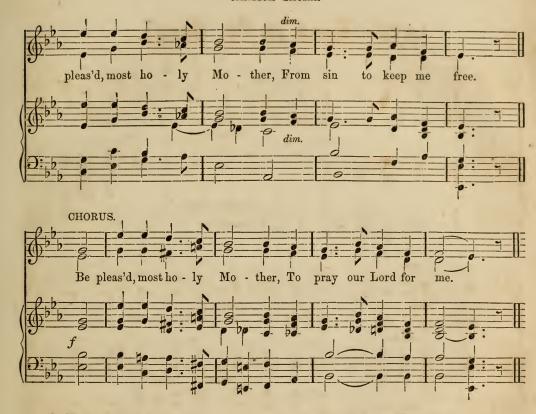
#### LXV.—O Sanctissima.



2. Tota pulchra es, O Maria! Et macula non est in te. Mater amata, intemerata, Ora, ora pro nobis. 3. Sicut lilium inter spinas, Sic Maria inter filias. Mater amata, intemerata, Ora, ora pro nobis!

## XLIX.—Salutation to Mary.\*





Mother of our Redeemer,
 O Virgin pure and mild,
 I venerate and love thee,
 Accept me for thy child.
 My body and its senses
 I consecrate to thee—
 Be pleased, most holy Mother,
 From sin to keep me free.
 Be pleased, most holy Mother,
 To pray our Lord for me.

3. Spouse of the Holy Spirit,
O Virgin, pure and mild,
I venerate and love thee—
Accept me for thy child.
My heart and its affections
I consecrate to thee—
Be pleased, most holy Mother,
From sin to keep me free.
Be pleased, most holy Mother,
To pray our Lord for me.

# LXXII.—Hymn to St. Aoseph.



- 2. Hail! holy Joseph, hail! Father of Christ esteemed! Father be thou to those Thy Foster-Son redeemed.
- 3. Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
  Prince of the House of God,
  May His best graces be
  By thy sweet hands bestowed.
- 4. Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
  Comrade of angels, hail!
  Cheer thou the hearts that faint,
  And guide the steps that fail.

- Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
   God's choice wert thou alone;
   To thee the Word made flesh
   Was subject as a Son.
- 6. Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
  Teach us our flesh to tame,
  And, Mary, keep the hearts
  That love thy husband's name.
- 7. Mother of Jesus! bless, And bless, ye Saints on high, All meek and simple souls That to Saint Joseph cry.

(94)

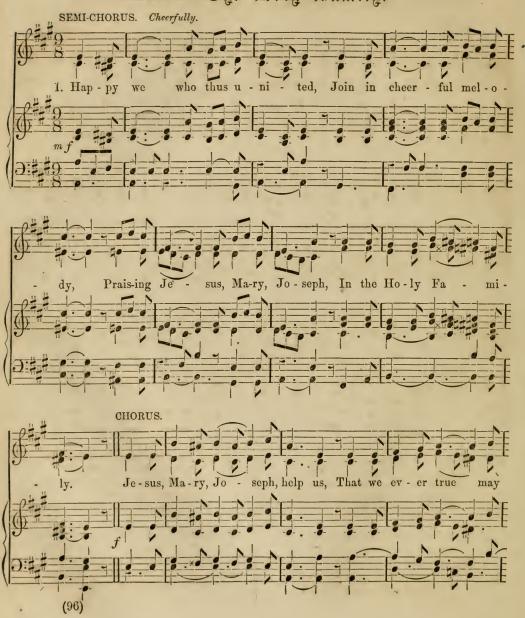
## exxiii.—St. Soseph to the Intant Iesus.

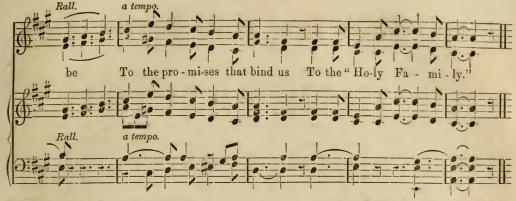


- "As my God I Thee adore,
   And as my Son embrace Thee;
   Let me love Thee more and more,
   And in my bosom place Thee."
   Blessed St. Joseph! &c.
- 3. "Since Thy guardian I must be,
  My treasure I will make Thee;
  Do not Thou abandon me,
  And I will ne'er forsake Thee."
  Blessed St. Joseph! &c.
- 4. "All my love henceforth is Thine,
  My very life I proffer,
  And my heart no more is mine,
  For all I am I offer."
  Blessed St. Joseph! &c.
- 5. "Since to share Thy presence sweet
  To choose me here Thou deignest;
  Shall we not in heaven meet,
  Where Thou forever reignest?"
  Blessed St. Joseph! &c.

(95)

## LXXIV.—The Boly Kamily.





- 2. Jesus, whose Almighty bidding
  All created things fulfil,
  Lives on earth in meek subjection
  To His earthly parents' will.
  Sweetest Infant! make us patient,
  And obedient for Thy sake;
  Teach us to be chaste and gentle,
  All our stormy passions break.
- 3. Mary! thou alone wert chosen
  To be Mother of thy Lord:
  Thou didst guide the early footsteps
  Of the great Incarnate Word.

Dearest Mother! make us humble, For thy Son will take His rest In the poor and lowly dwelling Of an humble sinner's breast.

4. Joseph! thou wert called the Father
Of thy Maker and thy Lord,
Thine it was to save thy Saviour
From the cruel Herod's sword.
Suffer us to call thee Father,
Show to us a father's love:
Lead us safe through every danger
Till we meet in heaven above.

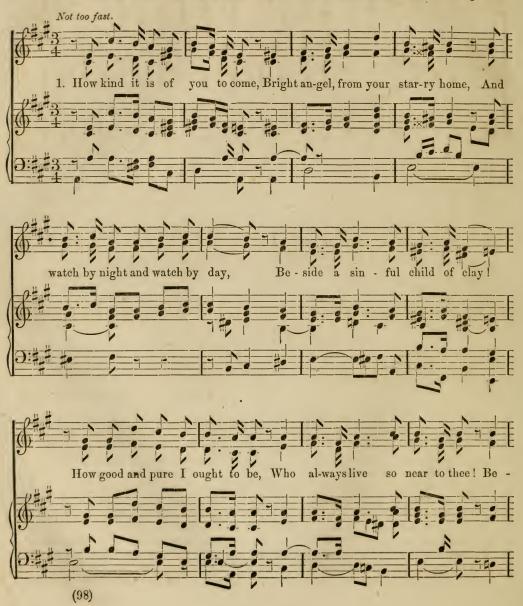
#### LXXIX.-HYMN TO ST. PATRICK.

- 1. Grateful notes to heaven ascending,
  To the world new joys proclaim,
  Faith and love together blending,
  We revere our Patrick's name.
  Happy Saint! in bliss adoring
  Jesus, Saviour of mankind,
  Hear thy children thee imploring;
  May we thy protection find.
- Pagan priests their dark delusion Long had o'er Hibernia spread, Patrick came—and in confusion, Demons from his presence fled. Happy Saint, &c.
- Lo! their infant arms extending, Erin's children crave his aid,
   To their wants the Saint attending, Soon their heavenly call obey'd.
   Happy Saint, &c.

- 4. Prisons, insults, ev'ry danger,
  On our Prelate's mission wait,
  Patrick still, to fear a stranger,
  Trusts to bounteous heaven his fate.
  Happy Saint, &c.
- Sickness flies, his voice obeying,
   Sightless eyes behold the day,
   And the power of God displaying,
   Death unwilling yields his prey.
   Happy Saint, &c.
- 6. Mortals with amazement seeing Senseless idols prostrate fall, Own the author of their being, And proclaim Him Lord of all. Happy Saint! in bliss adoring Jesus, Saviour of mankind, Hear thy children thee imploring; May we thy protection find.

(97)

# LXXVII.—Child's Hymn to the Guardian Angel.





- 2. And if I had my wish, I would,
  Dear angel mine! be always good;
  This minute I would rather die,
  Than say bad words or tell a lie.
  I always feel disposed this way,
  Whene'er I kneel me down to pray,
  But I forget when church is o'er,
  And am as naughty as before.
- 3. Oh blessed guardian, kind and mild,
  Have pity on a poor weak child,
  And pray that God will make me strong,
  To do the right and shun the wrong.
  Whenever I commit a sin,
  I feel my very heart within
  Grow chill and heavy like a clod,
  Because I have offended God.
- 4. But I would love to fear the Lord,
  And shun each sinful deed and word;
  Not do the sin, then feel the force
  Of bitter shame and keen remorse.
  I wish to think of God and thee,
  Whenever pretty things I see,
  Till every flower that gems the sod
  Shall make me think of thee and God.
- 5. Inspired by faith, I wish to hear
  Thy gentle footfall strike my ear;
  Before thy radiant face to bow,
  And feel thy kiss upon my brow.
  Thy broad white wings shall be my shield,
  While battling on life's dusty field;
  Thine arms enfold me when I die,
  And waft me homeward to the sky.

## CII.—I am a Kaithful Catholic.—No. 1.

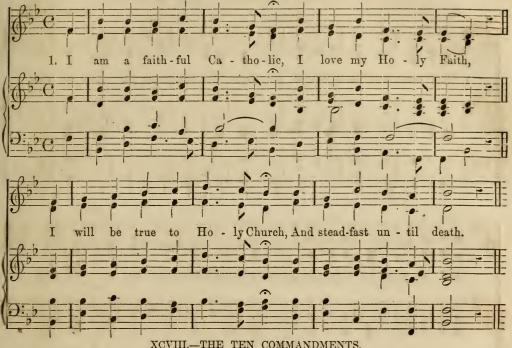


- I shun the haunts of those who seek
   To ensnare poor Catholic youth;
   No Church I own, no Schools I know,
   But those that teach the Truth.
- 3. If base it is to yield before
  The Persecutor's Rod;
  Then baser far to side with those,
  Who insult the Church of God.
- 4. Oh! far from me such wickedness!
  One treasure I hold dear,
  My Holy Faith. I fear not men,
  'Tis God alone I fear.

  (100)

- I love His Altar, where I kneel
  My Jesus to adore;
  I love my Mother, Mary dear,
  Oh! may I love them more.
- I love the Saints of olden time,
   The places where they dwelt;
   I love to pray where Saints have prayed,
   And kneel where they have knelt.
- 7. I love my Cross, I love my Beads—Each Emblem of my Faith;
  Let foolish men rail as they will,
  I'll love them until death.

# XCII.—I am a Kaithful Gatholic,—No. 2.



XCVIII.—THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

I. I am the Lord—and thou shalt serve No other gods but Me: Religion true thou shalt observe. Faith, hope, and charity.

II. Thou shalt not take God's name in vain, Nor swear unlawfully: Things holy thou shalt not profane, Nor curse irreverently.

III. Remember that thou sanctify The holy Sabbath Day; Work not without necessity: Hear holy Mass, and pray.

IV. Thy Parents honor, serve, and love, And cheerfully obey; And servants must obedient prove, When without sin they may.

V. Thou shalt not kill, -nor vengeance take, Nor hate thy enemy: Forgive and love, for Jesus' sake, All that have injured thee.

The same commandment does beside Forbid all drunkenness.

Self-injury and suicide. And eating to excess.

VI. Do not commit adultery, In thoughts, words, deeds, or looks; Beware of evil company, And read not dangerous books.

VII. Thou shalt not steal, nor keep, nor waste, Nor cheat in any way: Ill-gotten goods restore in haste, And lawful debts repay.

VIII. False witness thou shalt never bear, Nor tell a wilful lie; Detraction, if thou canst, repair, As well as calumny.

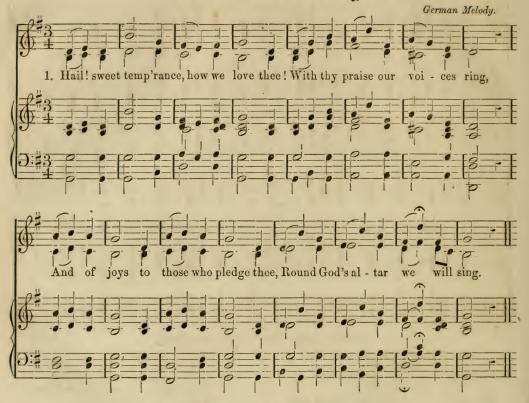
IX. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, Nor look with lustful eye:

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods, Nor eye them enviously.

All this Thou dost command, O Lord! We cheerfully obey;

And look to Heaven for our reward Through all eternity.

# XCIII.—Bail! sweek Temperance.



- We'll abstain; religion calls us
   To a life of joy and peace;
   Now no more false friends shall tempt us,
   Now, O God! our sin shall cease.
- 3. Baptist meek, and Star of Ocean,
  Patrons of our holy guild,
  Hear our pledge, help our devotion,
  On your aid our hopes we build.
- To Thy priests, O dearest Jesus, We'll confess our faults and sin: At communion Thou wilt bless us, Thus eternal joys we'll win.

#### CANTICA SACRA.

- Free from crime and all its sorrow,
   O'er us angels watch all night;
   Holy Mass comes with each morrow,
   Bringing blessings to our sight.
- God of love, we'll ever thank Thee
   For the joys which we have found,
   Bless Thy guild, we humbly ask Thee,
   Till with peace all hearts abound.

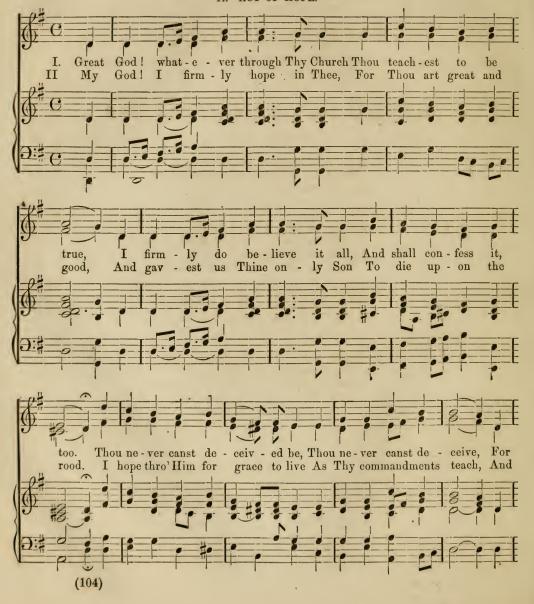
#### XCV.—HEAR THY CHILDREN, GENTLE JESUS.

(Evening Hymn.)

- Hear Thy children, gentle Jesus,
   While we breathe our evening prayer,
   Save us from all harm and danger,
   Take us 'neath Thy shelt'ring care.
- Save us from the wiles of Satan, 'Mid the lone and sleepful night, Sweetly may our guardian angels Keep us 'neath their watchful sight.
- 3. Gentle Jesus, look in pity
  From Thy glorious throne above:
  All the night Thy heart is wakeful
  In Thy sacrament of love.
- Shades of even fast are falling,
   Day is fading into gloom:
   When the shades of death fall round us,
   Lead Thine exiled children home

# xcvi.—Kaith, Hope, Charity, and Confrition.

I.—ACT OF FAITH.
II.—ACT OF HOPE.





With all my heart, and soul, and strength, I love Thee, O my Lord,
For Thou art perfect, and all things
Were made by Thy blest Word.
Like me to Thine own image made,
My neighbor Thou didst make,
And as I love myself, I love
My neighbor for Thy sake.

IV.—ACT OF CONTRITION.

Most holy God! my very soul
With grief sincere is moved,
Because I have offended Thee,
Whom I should e'er have loved.
Forgive me, Father! I am now
Resolved to sin no more,
And by Thy holy grace to shun
What made me sin before.

#### XCVII.—THE FOUR GREAT TRUTHS OF FAITH.

I. There is one true and only God,
Our Maker and our Lord:
And He created everything
By His Almighty Word.
All this, and all the Church doth
teach,
My God! I do believe;
For Thou hast bid us hear the
Church,

And Thou canst not deceive.

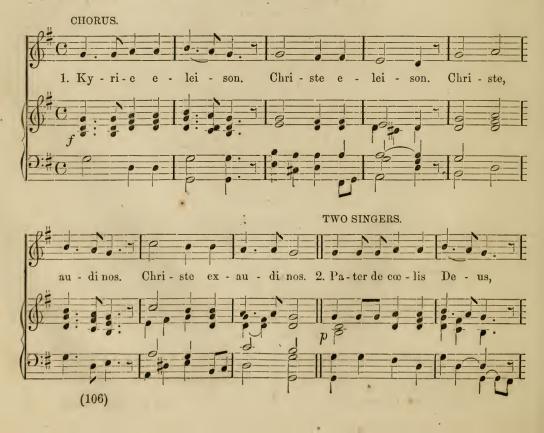
II. But in this one and only God There yet are Persons three; The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,— One Blessed Trinity. All this, &c.

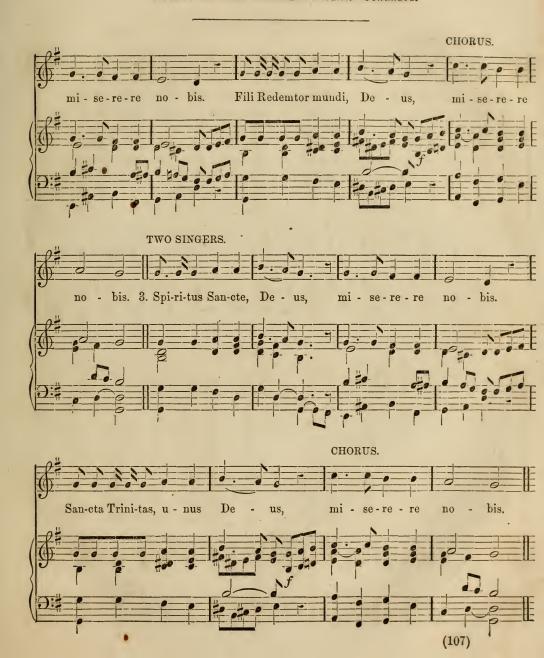
III. The Second Person—God the Son—Came down on earth to dwell;
Took flesh, and died upon the Cross,
To save our souls from hell.
All this, &c.

IV. The good with God in Heaven above Will ever happy be; The wicked in the flames of hell Will burn eternally. All this, &c. (105)

# CIV.—Likany of the Blessed Wirgin.

Note. - This Litany is adapted from one published in plain chant notation, by Burns & Lambert, London. It should be sung in unison. Its simple melody admits of a much greater variety in the harmonies of the organ-accompaniment than has been practicable to give in the limited space of this work. In order to insure the proper accentuation of the Latin, in the invocations commencing with Sancta Maria, etc., page 108, we have adopted a notation of the melody which may require explanation. Sing, then, to a given syllable, only that note, or those notes, which stand directly over it, and over the sign (----) or ( . . . . . ) following. If a given syllable has over it and its following (----) or (.....) more than one note, bind the notes together in singing. Thus, e.g., while, in singing Mater Salvatoris, the two syllables Ma-ter are sung to the two G-crotchets directly over them; the same two crotchets are bound together as a minim, in singing the syllable Ma., of Mater Christi. Thus, too, the three A's over the syllables nostræ læ-, of nostræ lætitiæ, are sung to the syllable -tcr, of Mater Christi, as A minim; to the syllables -ter ca-, of Mater castissima, as two A crotchets—one for each syllable, and so on, of similar eases. Thus, again, for Janua cæli, sing to the syllable Ja-, G minim and A crotchet: and to each of the syllables -nu-a, A quaver. (A similar ease is Fæderis area.) Thus, too, at Speculum justitiæ, sing to the syllable Spe- the G crotchet, tied to the following G quaver, and to the syllable scu, the next G quaver. An exact conformity to the system we have followed in this abbreviated arrangement of the Litany, will ensure the correct accentuation of the Latin words of it, an object we have deemed of sufficient importance to justify us in entering into an explanation which may to some appear gratuitous.







#### LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.-Continued.

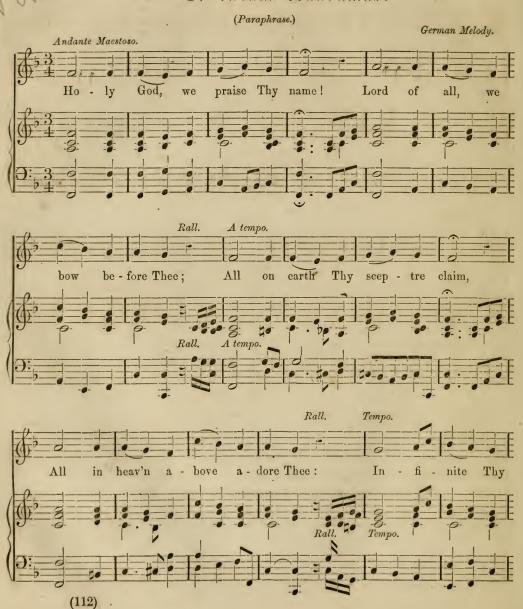




#### LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.-Concluded.



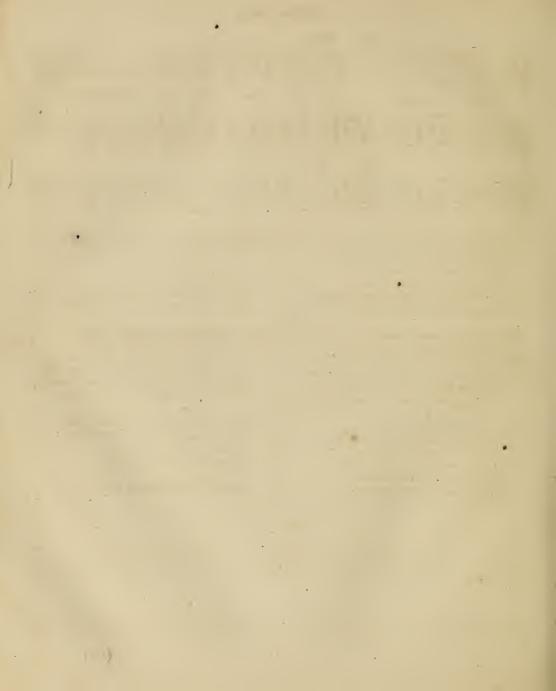
cv.—Te Deum Taubamus.





- 2. Hark! the loud celestial hymn
  Angel choirs above are raising!
  Cherubim and Seraphim
  In unceasing chorus praising,
  Fill the heavens with sweet accord:
  Holy! Holy! Holy Lord!
- 3. Lo! the Apostolic train
  Join Thy sacred name to hallow!
  Prophets swell the loud refrain,
  And the white-robed Martyrs follow;
  And from morn till set of sun,
  Through the Church the song goes on.
- 4. Holy Father, Holy Son,
  Holy Spirit, three we name Thee,
  While in essence, only One
  Undivided God, we claim Thee;
  And adoring bend the knee,
  While we own the mystery.

- 5. Thou art King of Glory, Christ!
  Son of God, yet born of Mary,
  For us sinners sacrificed,
  And to death a tributary:
  First to break the bars of death,
  Thou hast opened Heaven to faith.
- 6. From Thy high celestial home,
  Judge of all, again returning,
  We believe that Thou shalt come,
  On the dreadful Doom's-day morning,
  When Thy voice shall shake the earth,
  And the startled Dead come forth.
- Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray, By a thousand snares surrounded: Keep us without sin to-day, Never let us be confounded. Lo! I put my trust in Thee, Never, Lord, abandon me.



# APPENDIX,

CONTAINING

# PSALMS FOR VESPERS,

AND

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

## PSALMS FOR VESPERS.

The following Psalms for Vespers—those usually sung—with the Magnificat, are added to the Cantica Sacra by particular request. The compiler earnestly begs that a fair trial may be given to these Psalms, as he has arranged them. It may be said, indeed, that they will not sound like the old Vespers: but it is difficult to see what this proves against them. Surely, it is desirable to have correct melodies for the Psalms, sanctioned by Roman usage; to give the correct accentuation of the Latin text; and to have the Psalms correctly set, musically speaking, that is, arranged for singing in unison, and with correct organ harmonies,—advantages which the compiler can, without boasting, claim for the present arrangement of the Vespers, and which he does not find in that usually followed. To the objection that it is very difficult to sing these Vespers, it might be answered that a good thing is worth acquiring, even by great pains: but, in fact, they are much less difficult than is supposed; the compiler has taught even uncultivated children, in a few days, to sing them quite tolerably. And then, once learned, these Vespers are sure to give satisfaction to all. But to secure this end, the Psalms must be sung with spirit—all must begin and end at the same moment, pronouncing the words with a decent rapidity, and making a very short pause at the little vertical bar (116)

added for that purpose. There should be no pause between the verses, except between the last verse of a Psalm, and the following Gloria Patri. The verses marked Choir, must be sung in unison, and the director ought to stop every attempt at Alto, Tenor, or Bass singing. It is hardly needful to say that every verse marked 1 Singer, should be accompanied on the organ with soft stops; and that in playing the other verses, care should be taken to avoid drowning the voices with loud and screaming stops.

With regard to the pronunciation of the words, attention is particularly called to the accent mark, printed over some syllables. The director should insist on these syllables being properly accented, suppressing promptly such (too common) mispronunciations as scábellum, sácerdos, rúinas, exquisita, Spiritúi, collócet, and others, too numerous to mention. Some syllables will be found printed in large capitals, others in italics: it is particularly requested that the former should be strongly accented, and the latter sung very short.

The compiler trusts that his well-meant attempt to promote correct Psalmody will not be frustrated by want of energy on the part of those who have the direction of Church music, or by their inveterate prejudices in favor of that manner of singing the Vespers, which, though it is, oddly enough, called the old way, is entirely at variance with the time-honored traditional usages of the Church in this point, as followed in Catholic Europe, especially at Rome.

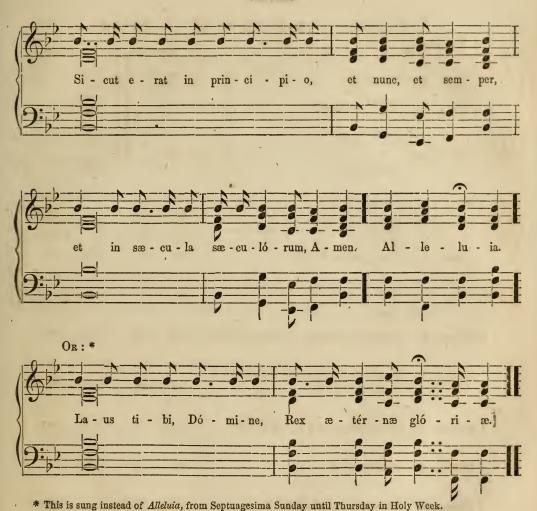
## VESPERS.

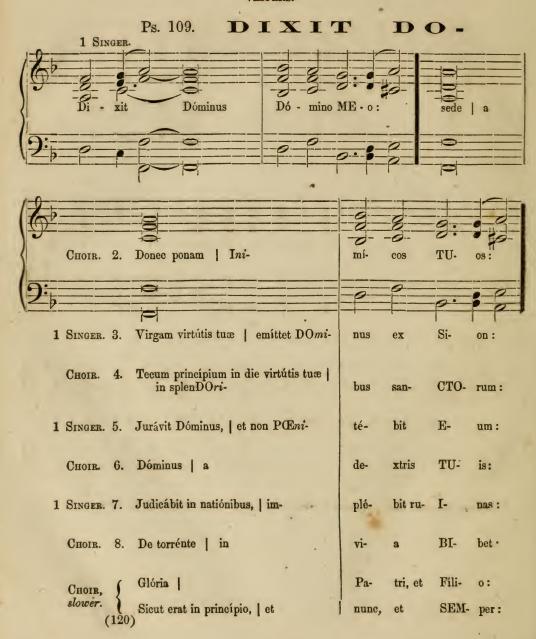
### DEUS, IN ADJUTORIUM.



\* The note (B flat,) on which the Priest begins, should be first given out loud on the organ.

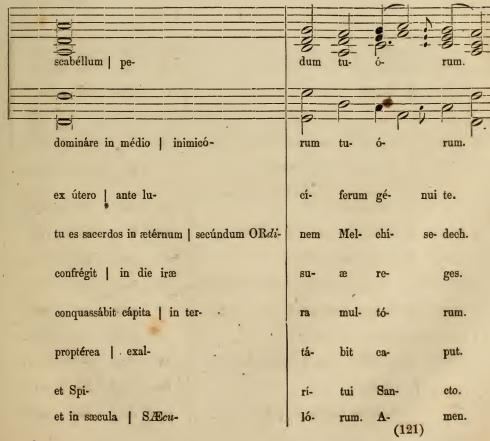






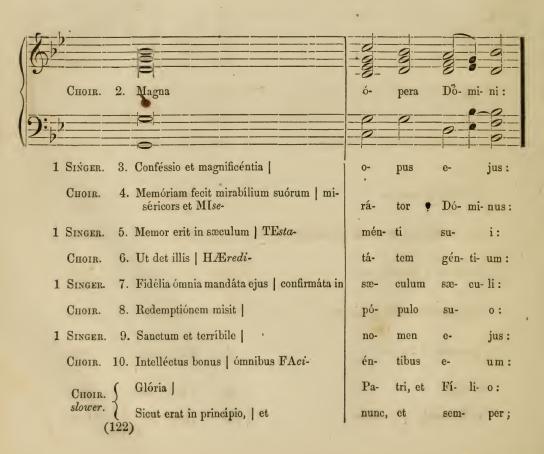
## MINUS. 1st Tone, 1st Ending.





#### Ps. 110. **CONFI**-



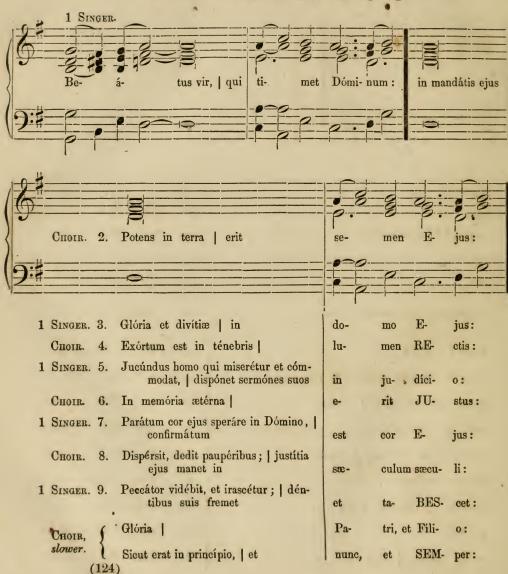


### TEBOR. 3d Tone, 1st Ending.



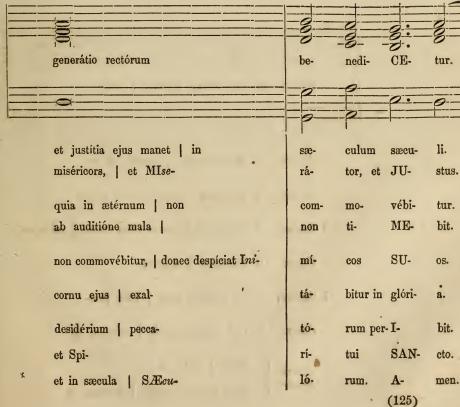


## Ps. 111. **BEATUS**



### VIR. 7th Tone, 3d Ending.





#### Ps. 112. LAUDATE,





1 SINGER. 3. A solis ortu | usque ad oc-

CHOIR. 4. Excélsus | super omnes gentes

1 SINGER. 5. Quis sicut Dóminus Deus noster, | qui in altis

Спота. 6. Súscitans | a terra

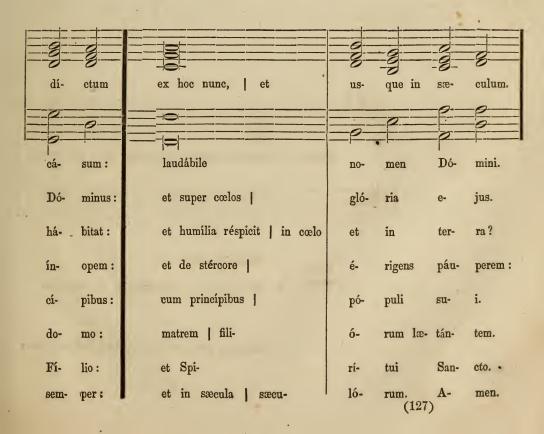
1 SINGER. 7. Ut cóllocet eum | cum prin-

CHOIR. 8. Qui habitare facit | stérilem in

CHOIR. Slower. Sicut erat in princípio, | et nunc, et

#### PUERI. 5th Tone.





## Ps. 116. LAUDATE





Choir, slower. 

Glória | Patri, et

Sicut erat in princípio, | et nune, et

(Hereupon follow the Little Chapter, and the Hymn;

## DOMINUM. 8th Tone, 2d Ending.



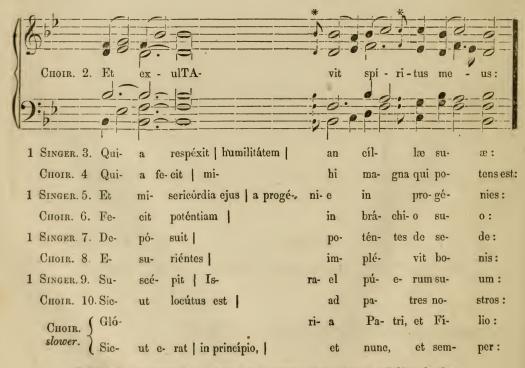


after which the Canticle Magnificat, is sung, as on the following page.)

#### CANTICLE, MA-

(N. B. This Canticle must be sung



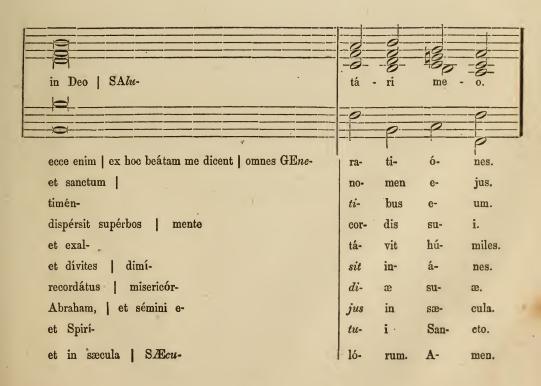


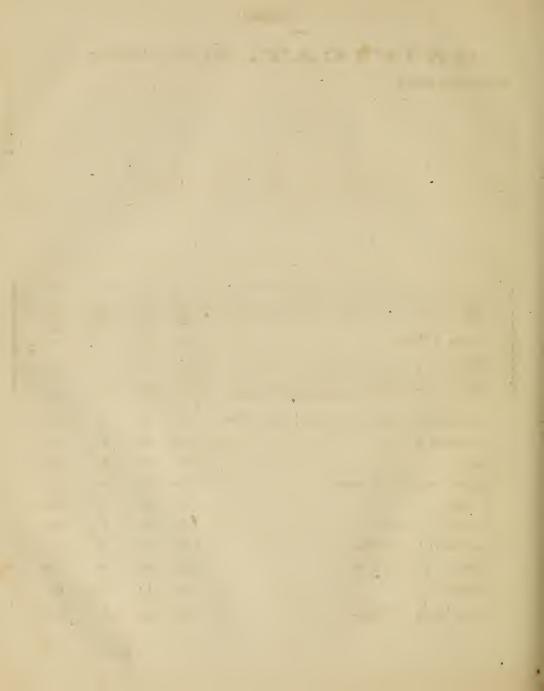
<sup>\*</sup> The two notes marked thus \* are to be omitted when they have no syllable under them.

(130)

### GNIFICAT. 8th Tone, 1st Ending.

slower than the Psalms.)





# Hymn to St. Aloysius,

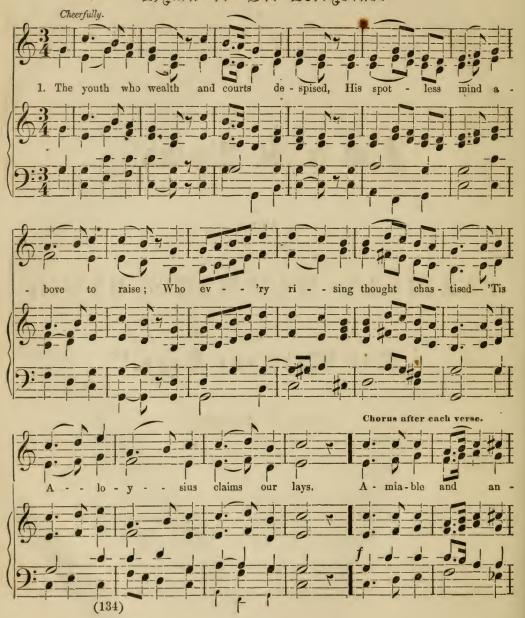
AND

## CARDINAL WISEMAN'S HYMN,

"God bless our Bope."

(ADDED BY REQUEST.)

Hymn to St. Aloysius.





His infant words, the first he frames,
He utters with a trembling voice;
Jesus, and Mary, hallowed names,
Dwell on his lips, and speak his choice.
Chorus.—Amiable and angelic, &c.

3.\*

Delighting in the Lord alone,
All earthly pleasures he forsakes,
And ere yet half to manhood grown,
His virgin vows to Mary makes.
CHORUS — Amiable and angelic, &c.

4.

Enamored of celestial joys,

"Let pride and wealth my choice withstand,
I scorn their gifts, they are but toys,"

He said—and joined Loyola's band.

Chorus.—Amiable and angelic, &c.

5.

To gain perfection's utmost height.

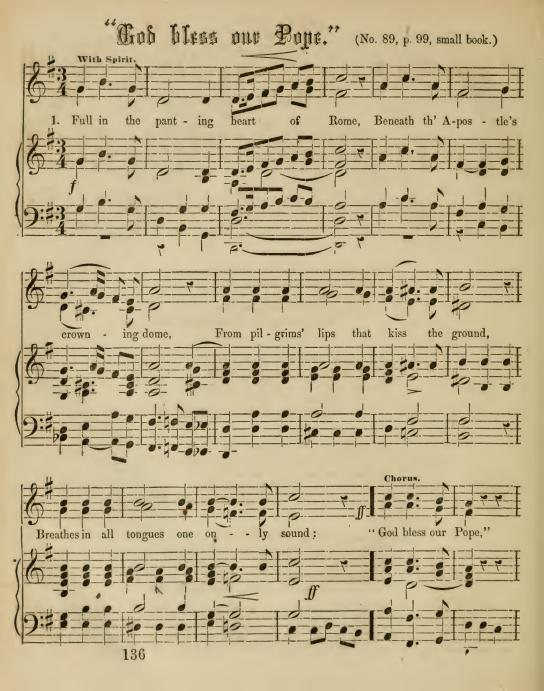
He tries, nor was his trial vain;

Of sanctity a model bright

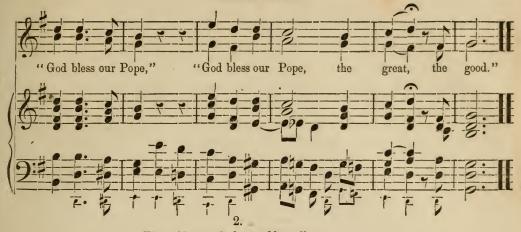
He stands, a mirror clear of stain.

Сновиз.—Amiable and angelic, &c.

<sup>\*</sup> The compiler has taken the liberty of altering the first two lines of this verse. As usually printed, they run thus: "Charmed with the Deity alone, Terrestrial pursuits he forsakes." Now, in singing the first of these lines the music would cause the word "with" to receive, improperly of course, an accent; and the second line contains one syllable too much,—unless the word "terrestrial" should be pronounced as a trisyllable, in which case an accent would fall, improperly, on the first syllable of the following word, "pursuit." (135)







The golden roof, the marble walls,
The Vatican's majestic halls
The note redouble: till it fills
With echoes sweet the seven hills:
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

3.

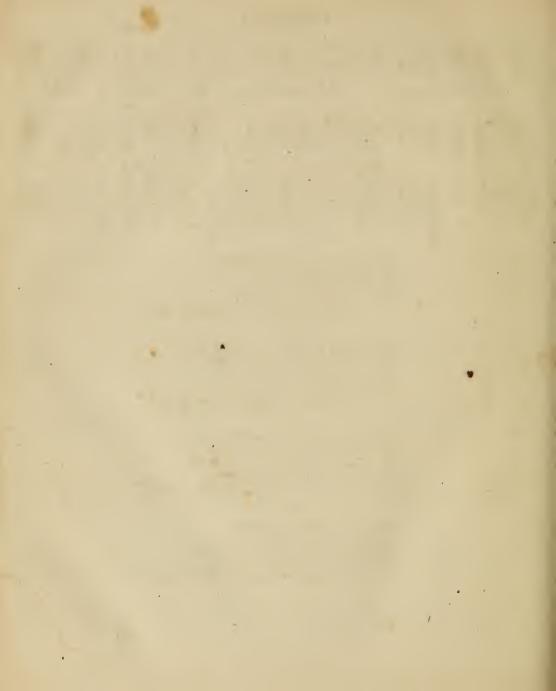
Then surging through each hallowed gate,
Where martyrs glory, in peace, await,
It sweeps beyond the solemn plain,
Peals over Alps, across the main:
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

4.

From torrid South to frozen North
The wave harmonious stretches forth;
Yet strikes no chord more true to Rome's,
That rings within our hearts and homes:
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

5.

For like the sparks of unseen fire,
That speak along the magic wire,
From home to home, from heart to heart,
The words of countless children dart:
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."



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